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SELECTIONS
FROM
TENNYSON
BROWNING
AND
ARNOLD


—
ALEXANDER

Nº10

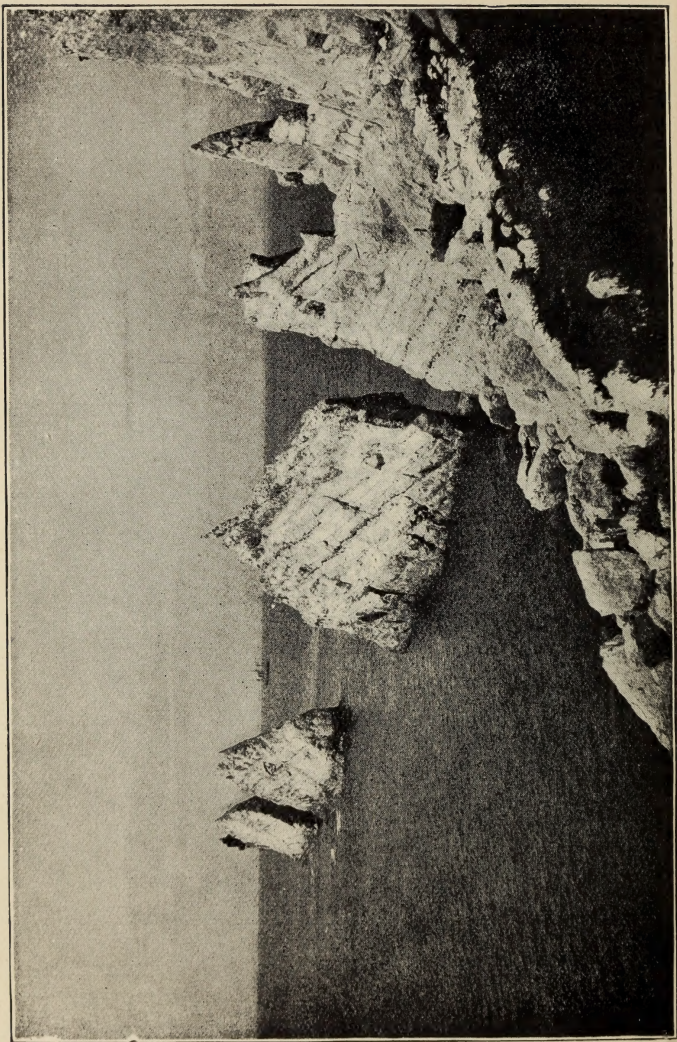
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*View of the Coast in the Neighbourhood of Tennyson's Residence,
Farri-ford, Isle of Wight.*

SELECT POEMS

PRESCRIBED FOR THE JUNIOR MATRICULATION, AND
FOR ENTRANCE INTO THE NORMAL SCHOOLS
AND FACULTIES OF EDUCATION,

1917.

EDITED WITH BRIEF NOTES.

BY

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TENNYSON.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot ; 5
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, 10
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers, 15
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd 20
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot ;
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ? 25
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly 30
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy 35
 Lady of Shalott.'

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay 40
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott. 45

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot: 50
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, 55
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,

Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue 60
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights, 65
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot :
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ; 70
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves, 75
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily 85
As he rode down to Camelot :

And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot. 95
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ; 100
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river 105
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room, 110
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ; 115
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining, 120
 Heavily the low sky raining

Over tower'd Camelot ;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote 125
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
 Like some bold seër in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance 130
 Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain and down she lay ;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott. 135

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot : 140

And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, 145
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,

And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide 150
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery, 155
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame, 160
And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer; 165
And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace, 170
 The Lady of Shalott.'

ST. AGNES' EVE.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers 5
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies, 10
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark, 15
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be. 20
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ; 25
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within 30

For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin,
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride !

35

‘COME NOT, WHEN I AM DEAD.’

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou would'st not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry :
But thou, go by.

5

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest :
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie :
Go by, go by.

10

“BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.”

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

5

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ; 10
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still :

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
 Will never come back to me.

 IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
 Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
 All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
 I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
 All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day, 5
 The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away ;
 For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
 Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
 And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
 The voice of the dead was a living voice to me. 10

 IN MEMORIAM.

XXXI.

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
 And home to Mary's house return'd,
 Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
 To hear her weeping by his grave ?

“Where wert thou, brother, those four days ?” 5
 There lives no record of reply,
 Which telling what it is to die
 Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
 The streets were fill'd with joyful sound, 10
 A solemn gladness even crown'd
 The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ !
 The rest remaineth unreveal'd ;
 He told it not ; or something seal'd 15
 The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
 Nor other thought her mind admits
 But, he was dead, and there he sits,
 And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede 5
 All other, when her ardent gaze
 Roves from the living brother's face,
 And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
 Borne down by gladness so complete, 10
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
 With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
 Whose loves in higher love endure ;
 What souls possess themselves so pure, 15
 Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

XXXVI.

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
 Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
 We yield all blessing to the name
 Of Him that made them current coin ;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers, 5
 Where truth in closest words shall fail,
 When truth embodied in a tale
 Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
 With human hands the creed of creeds 10
 In loveliness of perfect deeds,
 More strong than all poetic thought ;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
 And those wild eyes that watch the wave 15
 In roarings round the coral reef.

LXXV.

I leave thy praises unexpress'd
 In verse that brings myself relief,
 And by the measure of my grief
 I leave thy greatness to be guess'd ;

What practice howsoe'er expert 5
 In fitting aptest words to things,
 Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
 Hath power to give thee as thou wert ?

I care not in these fading days
 To raise a cry that lasts not long, 10
 And round thee with the breeze of song
 To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
 And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
 The world which credits what is done 15
 Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame ;
 But somewhere, out of human view,
 Whate'er thy hands are set to do
 Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

20

LXXVI.

Take wings of fancy, and ascend,
 And in a moment set thy face
 Where all the starry heavens of space
 Are sharpen'd to a needle's end ;

Take wings of foresight ; lighten thro'
 The secular abyss to come,
 And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
 Before the mouldering of a yew ;

5

And if the matin songs, that woke
 The darkness of our planet, last,
 Thine own shall wither in the vast,
 Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

10

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
 With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain ;
 And what are they when these remain
 To ruin'd shells of hollow towers ?

15

C.

I climb the hill : from end to end
 Of all the landscape underneath,
 I find no place that does not breathe
 Some gracious memory of my friend ;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
 Or low morass and whispering reed,
 Or simple stile from mead to mead,
 Or sheepwalk up the windy wold ;

5

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw ;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock,
 Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
 To left and right thro' meadowy curves, 15
 That feed the mothers of the flock ;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day ;
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die. 20

CXL.

The churl in spirit, up or down
 Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
 To him who grasps a golden ball,
 By blood a king, at heart a clown ;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
 His want in forms for fashion's sake,
 Will let his coltish nature break
 At season's thro' the gilded pale :

For who can always act? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call, 10
Not being less but more than all .
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower 15
And native growth of noble mind ;

Nor ever narrowness or spite
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and nature met in light ; 20

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

BROWNING.

SONG.

All service ranks the same with God :
If now, as formerly He trod
Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst, 5
Are we ; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event!" Why "small?"
Costs it more pain this thing ye call
A "great event" should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass 10
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in, or exceed !

(From *Pippa Passes.*)

CAVALIER TUNES.

I. MARCHING ALONG.

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong, 5
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take, nor sup, 10
Till you're—

CHORUS.—*Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
 England, good cheer ! Rupert is near ! 15
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

CHO.—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song ?*

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !
 Hold by the right, you double your might ; 20
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHO.—*March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song !*

II. GIVE A ROUSE.

King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
 Give a rouse : here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles !

Who gave me the goods that went since ? 5
 Who raised me the house that sank once ?
 Who helped me to gold I spent since ?
 Who found me in wine you drank once ?

CHO.—*King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ? 10
 Give a rouse : here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles !*

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
 By the old fool's side that begot him ?
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else, 15
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him ?

CHO.—*King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
 Give a rouse : here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles ! 20*

III. BOOT AND SADDLE.

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.

CHO.—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say ;
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
 "God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

5

CHO.—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array :
 Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

10

CHO.—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*"

Who? My wife Gertrude ; that, honest and gay,
 Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay !
 I've better counsellors ; what counsel they ?

15

CHO.—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*"

MY LAST DUCHESS.

FERRARA.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now : Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
 "Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)

5

10

And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps 15
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, " Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much," or " Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat : " such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough 20
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart—how shall I say ?—too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed : she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one ! My favour at her breast, 25
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech, 30
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good ! but thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling ? Even had you skill 35
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, " Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me ; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark "—and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 —E'en then would be some stooping ; and I choose
 Never to stoop. O sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her ; but who passed without

Much the same smile ? This grew ; I gave commands ; 45
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise ? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed ;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me !

 THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

Morning, evening, noon and night,
 "Praise God !" sang Theocrite.
 Then to his poor trade he turned
 Whereby the daily meal was earned.
 Hard he laboured, long and well ; 5
 O'er his work the boy's curls fell.
 But ever, at each period
 He stopped and sang, "Praise God !"
 Then back again his curls he threw,
 And cheerful turned to work anew. 10
 Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done ;
 "I doubt not thou art heard, my son :
 "As well as if thy voice to-day
 "Were praising God, the Pope's great way.
 "This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome 15
 "Praises God from Peter's dome."
 Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
 "Might praise him, that great way, and die !"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone. 20

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
"Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth, 25
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;
Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;
And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite. 30

And from a boy, to youth he grew :
The man put off the stripling's hue :
The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay :

And ever o'er the trade he bent, 35
And ever lived on earth content.
(He did God's will ; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear ;
"There is no doubt in it, no fear : 40
"So sing old worlds, and so
"New worlds that from my footstool go.
"Clearer loves sound other ways :
"I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell 45
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.
'Twas Easter Day ; he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery, 53
With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite.
And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,
Since when, a boy, he plied his trade, 55
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;
And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer :
And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here. 60
To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.
“I bore thee from thy craftsman’s cell
“And set thee here : I did not well.
“Vainly I left my angel-sphere, 65
“Vain was thy dream of many a year.
“Thy voice’s praise seemed weak ; it dropped—
“Creation’s chorus stopped !
“Go back and praise again
“The early way, while I remain. 70
“With that weak voice of our disdain
“Take up creation’s passing strain.
“Back to the cell and poor employ :
“Resume the craftsman and the boy !
Theocrite grew old at home 75
A new Pope dwelt in Peter’s dome.
One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

I.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf 5
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

II.

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows ! 10
 Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over
 Lest you should think he never could recapture 15
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower ! 20

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND.

That second time they hunted me
 From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
 And Austria, hounding far and wide
 Her blood-hounds through the country-side,
 Breathed hot and instant on my trace,— 5
 I made six days a hiding-place

Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they love : 10
—How long it seems since Charles was lost !
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight ;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay 15
With signal fires ; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end, 20
And much beside, two days ; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize ; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring 25
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine.
These I let pass in jingling line, 30
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too ;
Far at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had passed, 35
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance : she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground. 40

A wild bush grows and hides my crypt ;
 She picked my glove up while she stripped
 A branch off, then rejoined the rest
 With that ; my glove lay in her breast.
 Then I drew breath ; they disappeared : 45
 It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
 Exactly where my glove was thrown.
 Meanwhile came many thoughts ; on me
 Rested the hopes of Italy. 50
 I had devised a certain tale
 Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
 Persuade a peasant of its truth ;
 I meant to call a freak of youth
 This hiding, and give hopes of pay, 55
 And no temptation to betray.
 But when I saw that woman's face,
 Its calm simplicity of grace,
 Our Italy's own attitude
 In which she walked thus far, and stood, 60
 Planting each naked foot so firm,
 To crush the snake and spare the worm—
 At first sight of her eyes, I said,
 'I am that man upon whose head
 They fix the price, because I hate 65
 The Austrians over us ; the State
 Will give you gold—oh, gold so much—
 If you betray me to their clutch,
 And be your death, for aught I know,
 If once they find you saved their foe. 70
 Now, you must bring me food and drink,
 And also paper, pen and ink,

And carry safe what I shall write
 To Padua, which you'll reach at night
 Before the duomo shuts ; go in, 75
 And wait till Tenebræ begin ;
 Walk to the third confessional,
 Between the pillar and the wall,
 And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace ?*
 Say it a second time, then cease ; 80
 And if the voice inside returns,
From Christ and Freedom ; what concerns
The cause of Peace ?—for answer, slip
 My letter where you placed your lip ;
 Then come back happy we have done 85
 Our mother service—I, the son,
 As you the daughter of our land !

Three mornings more, she took her stand
 In the same place, with the same eyes :
 I was no surer of sunrise 90
 Than of her coming. We conferred
 Of her own prospects, and I heard
 She had a lover—stout and tall,
 She said—then let her eyelids fall,
 ‘He could do much’—as if some doubt 95
 Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
 ‘She could not speak for others, who
 Had other thoughts ; herself she knew ;
 And so she brought me drink and food.
 After four days, the scouts pursued 100
 Another path ; at last arrived
 The help my Paduan friends contrived
 To furnish me : she brought the news.
 For the first time I could not choose

But kiss her hand, and lay my own 105
 Upon her head—‘This faith was shown
 To Italy, our mother ; she
 Uses my hand and blesses thee.’
 She followed down to the sea-shore ;
 I left and never saw her more. 110

How very long since I have thought
 Concerning—much less wished for—ought
 Beside the good of Italy,
 For which I live and mean to die !
 I never was in love ; and since 115
 Charles proved false, what shall now convince
 My inmost heart I have a friend ?
 However, if I pleased to spend
 Real wishes on myself—say, three —
 I know at least what one should be. 120
 I would grasp Metternich until
 I felt his red wet throat distil
 In blood through these two hands. And next
 —Nor much for that am I perplexed—
 Charles, perjured traitor, for his part, 125
 Should die slow of a broken heart
 Under his new employers. Last
 —Ah, there, what should I wish ? For fast
 Do I grow old and out of strength.
 If I resolved to seek at length 130
 My father’s house again, how scared
 They all would look, and unprepared !
 My brothers live in Austria’s pay
 —Disowned me long ago, men say ;
 And all my early mates who used 135
 To praise me so—perhaps induced

More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise : while some opine
'Freedom grows license,' some suspect
'Haste breeds delay,' and recollect 140
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure !
So, with a sullen 'All's for best,'
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand 145
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile ; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt ; what harm 150
If I sat on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names 155
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand, once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way. 160

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time ! To business now.

You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen steam
and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive-
trees. 20

VI.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once ;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers
well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick
and sell. 25

VII.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and
splash !
In the shade it sings and springs ; in the shine such foambows
flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle
and pash
Round the lady atop in her conch—fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a
sort of a sash. 30

VIII.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you
linger,
Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted fore-
finger.
Some think fire-flies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and
mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill, 35

And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous
firs on the hill.

Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the fever
and chill.

IX.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells
begin :

No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in :

You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin. 40

By and by there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets blood,
draws teeth ;

Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.

At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping
hot !

And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves
were shot.

Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes, 45

And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law
of the Duke's !

Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-so,
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero

“ And moreover,” (the sonnet goes rhyming,) “ the skirts of
Saint Paul has reached,

Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous
than ever he preached.” 50

Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession ! our Lady borne
smiling and smart

With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck
in her heart !

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife ;

No keeping one's haunches still : it's the greatest pleasure in
life.

X.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear ! fowls, wine, at double the
rate. 55

They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays
passing the gate

It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city !
Beggars can scarcely be choosers : but still—ah, the pity, the
pity !

Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls
and sandals,

And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow
candles ; 60

One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with
handles,

And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better pre-
vention of scandals :

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life !

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.

I.

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,

Miles and miles

On the solitary pastures where our sheep,

Half-asleep,

Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop 5

As they crop—

Was the site once of a city great and gay,

(So they say)

Of our country's very capital, its prince

Ages since 10

Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far

Peace or war.

II.

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills 15
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
 Into one,)
 Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
 Up like fires 20
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

III.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass 25
 Never was !
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
 And embeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone— 30
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
 Long ago ;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
 Struck them tame :
 And that glory and that shame alike, the gold 35
 Bought and sold.

IV.

Now,—the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored, 40
 While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
 Through the chinks—

Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced 45
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 Viewed the games.

V.

And I know, while thus the quiet colored eve
 Smiles to leave 50
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
 Melt away —
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair 55
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
 For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless,
 dumb
 Till I come. 60

VI.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,
 All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'
 Colonnades,
 All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then, 65
 All the men !
 When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face, 70
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
 Each on each.

VII.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,
 And they built their gods a brazen pillar high 75
 As the sky,
 Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
 Gold of course !
 Oh heart ! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns !
 Earth's returns 30
 For whole centuries of folly, noise, and sin !
 Shut them in,
 With their triumphs and their glories and the rest !
 Love is best.

 THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL.

A PICTURE AT FANO.

I.

Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
 That child, when thou hast done with him, for me !
 Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
 Shall find performed thy special ministry,
 And time come for departure, thou, suspending 5
 Thy flight, mayst see another child for tending,
 Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

II.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
 From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
 —And suddenly my head is covered o'er 10
 With those wings, white above the child who prays
 Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
 Me, out of all the world ; for me, discarding
 Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door.

III.

I would not look up thither past thy head 15
 Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
 For I should have thy gracious face instead,
 Thou bird of God ! And wilt thou bend me low
 Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
 And lift them up to pray, and gently tether 20
 Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garments spread ?

IV.

If this was ever granted, I would rest
 My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
 Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
 Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands, 25
 Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
 Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
 And all lay quiet, happy, and suppressed.

V.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired !
 I think how I should view the earth and skies 30
 And sea, when once again my brow was bared
 After thy healing, with such different eyes.
 O world, as God has made it ! All is beauty :
 And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
 What further may be sought for or declared ? 35

VI.

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach
 (Alfred, dear friend !)—that little child to pray,
 Holding the little hands up, each to each
 Pressed gently,—with his own head turned away
 Over the earth where so much lay before him 40
 Of work to do, though heaven was opening o'er him,
 And he was left at Fano by the beach.

VII.

We were at Fano, and three times we went
 To sit and see him in his chapel there,
 And drink his beauty to our soul's content 45
 —My angel with me too : and since I care
 For dear Guercino's fame (to which in power
 And glory comes this picture for a dower,
 Fraught with a pathos so magnificent)—

VIII.

And since he did not work thus earnestly 50
 At all times, and has else endured some wrong—
 I took one thought his picture struck from me,
 And spread it out, translating it to song.
 My Love is here. Where are you, dear old friend ?
 How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end ? 55
 This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

 PROSPICE.

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5
 The post of the foe ;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall, 10
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
forebore, 15
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

ARNOLD.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

AN EPISODE.

And the first gray of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep ;
Sohrab alone, he slept not : all night long 5
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed ;
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog, 10
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which stood
Clustering like bee-hives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere : 15
Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink, the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crowned the top 20
With a clay fort : but that was fall'n ; and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent, 25
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.

And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled ; for he slept light, an old man's sleep ;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said : 30

“ Who art thou ? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak ! is there news, or any night alarm ? ”

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said :

“ Thou knowest me, Peran-Wisa : it is I.

The sun is not yet risen, and the foe 35

Sleep ; but I sleep not ; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.

For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek

Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,

In Samarcand, before the army marched ; 40

And I will tell thee what my heart desires.

Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan, first

I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,

I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,

At my boy's years, the courage of a man. 45

This too thou know'st, that, while I still bear on

The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,

And beat the Persians back on every field,

I see one man, one man, and one alone—

Rustum, my father ; who, I hoped, should greet, 50

Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,

His not unworthy, not inglorious son.

So I long hoped, but him I never find.

Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.

Let the two armies rest to-day : but I 55

Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords

To meet me, man to man ; if I prevail,

Rustum will surely hear it ; if I fall—

Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.

Dim is the rumour of a common fight, 60

Where host meets host, and many names are sunk

But of a single combat Fame speaks clear."

He spoke : and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said :

" O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine ! 65

Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press forever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,

To find a father thou hast never seen ? 70

That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring ; in our tents, while it is war,
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.

But, if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight : 75

Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,

O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son !

But far hence seek him, for he is not here,

For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray : 80

But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,

In Seïstan, with Zal, his father old.

Whether that his own mighty strength at last

Feels the abhorred approaches of old age ;

Or in some quarrel with the Persian King. 85

There go :—Thou wilt not ? Yet my heart forebodes
Danger of death awaits thee on this field.

Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost

To us : fain therefore send thee hence, in peace

To seek thy father, not seek single fights 90

In vain :—but who can keep the lion's cub

From ravening ? and who govern Rustum's son ?

Go : I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay, 95

And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat
 He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
 And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
 In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword ;
 And on his head he set his sheep-skin cap, 100
 Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul ;
 And raised the curtain of his tent, and called
 His herald to his side, and went abroad.
 ° The sun, by this, had risen, and cleared the fog
 From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands : 105
 And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
 Into the open plain ; so Haman bade ;
 Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
 The host, and still was in his lusty prime. 109
 From their black tents, long files of horse, they streamed :
 As when, some gray November morn, the files,
 In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes,
 Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes
 Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
 Or some froze Caspian reed-bed, southward bound 115
 For the warm Persian sea-board : so they streamed.
 The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
 First, with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears
 Large men, large steeds ; who from Bokhara come
 And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares. 120
 Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
 The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
 And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands ;
 Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink
 The acrid milk of camels, and their wells. 125
 And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
 From far, and a more doubtful service owned ;
 The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
 Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards

And close-set skull-caps ; and those wilder hordes 130
 Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
 Kalmuks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
 Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
 Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.
 These all filed out from camp into the plain. 135

And on the other side the Persians formed :
 First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
 The Ilyats of Khorassan : and behind,
 The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
 Marshalled battalions bright in burnished steel. 140

But Peran-Wisa with his herald came
 Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
 And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
 And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
 That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back, 145
 He took his spear, and to the front he came,
 And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood.
 And the old Tartar came upon the sand
 Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said :

“ Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear ! 150
 Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.
 But choose a champion from the Persian lords
 To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man.

As, in the country, on a morn in June.
 When the dew glistens on the pearlèd ears. 155
 A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
 So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
 A thrill through all the Tartar squadron ran
 Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of peddlers, from Cabool, 160
 Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
 That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk snow ;
 Crossing so high, that, as they mount, they pass

Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
 Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves 165
 Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries—
 In single file they move, and stop their breath,
 For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
 So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up 170
 To counsel : Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
 And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
 Second, and was the uncle of the King :
 These came and counsell'd ; and then Gudurz said :

“Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up, 175
 Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
 He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
 But Rustum came last night ; aloof he sits
 And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart :
 Him will I seek, and carry to his ear 180
 The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
 Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight,
 Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up.”

So spake he ; and Ferood stood forth and cried :
 “Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said. 185
 Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man.”

He spake ; and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode
 Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
 But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
 And crossed the camp which lay behind, and reached, 190
 Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
 Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
 Just pitched : the high pavilion in the midst
 Was Rustum's, and his men lay camped around.
 And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found 195
 Rustum : his morning meal was done, but still
 The table stood before him, charged with food—

A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
 And dark green melons ; and there Rustum sate
 Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist, 200
 And played with it ; but Gudurz came and stood
 Before him ; and he looked, and saw him stand ;
 And with a cry sprang up, and dropped the bird,
 And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said :

“ Welcome ! these eyes could see no better sight. 205
 What news ? but sit down first, and eat and drink.”

But Gudurz stood in the tent-door, and said :
 “ Not now : a time will come to eat and drink,
 But not to-day : to-day has other needs.
 The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze : 210
 For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
 To pick a champion from the Persian lords
 To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
 Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.

O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's ! 215
 He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
 And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
 Or else too weak ; and all eyes turn to thee.
 Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose.
 He spoke : but Rustum answered with a smile :— 220

“ Go to ! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
 Am older : if the young are weak, the king
 Errs strangely : for the king, for Kai-Khosroo,
 Himself is young, and honours younger men,
 And lets the aged moulder to their graves. 225
 Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—
 The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
 For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame ?
 For would that I myself had such a son,
 And not that one slight helpless girl I have, 230
 A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,

And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,
 My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
 And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
 And he has none to guard his weak old age. 235
 There would I go, and hang my armour up,
 And with my great name fence that weak old man,
 And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
 And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
 And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings, 240
 And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."
 He spoke and smiled ; and Gudurz made reply :
 " What then O Rustum, will men say to this,
 When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks,
 Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks, 245
 Hidest thy face ? Take heed, lest men should say,
 " Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
 And shuns to peril it with younger men."
 And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply :
 " O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words ? 250
 Thou knowest better words than this to say.
 What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
 Valiant or craven, young or old, to me ?
 Are not they mortal, am not I myself ?
 But who for men of naught would do great deeds ? 255
 Come, thou shall see how Rustum hoards his fame.
 But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms ;
 Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
 In single fight with any mortal man."
 He spoke, and frowned ; and Gudurz turned, and ran 260
 Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy,
 Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
 But Rustum strode to his tent-door, and called
 His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
 And clad himself in steel : the arms he chose 265

Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
 Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
 And from the fluted spine atop, a plume
 Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume,
 So armed, he issued forth ; and Ruksh, his horse, 270
 Followed him, like a faithful hound, at heel.
 Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,
 The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
 Did in Bokhara by the river find
 A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home, 275
 And reared him ; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
 Dight with a saddle-cloth of brodered green
 Crusted with gold, and on the ground were worked
 All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know :
 So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed 280
 The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
 And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
 Hailed ; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
 And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
 Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore, 285
 By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
 Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
 Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
 Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
 So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came. 290
 And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
 And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
 And as afield the reapers cut a swath
 Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
 And on each side are squares of standing corn, 295
 And in the midst a stubble, short and bare ;
 So on each side were squares of men, with spears
 Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
 And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast

His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw 300
 Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
 Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
 Who with numb blackened fingers makes her fire—
 At cock-crow on a starlit winter's morn, 305
 When the frost flowers the whitened window-panes—
 And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
 Of that poor drudge may be ; so Rustum eyed
 The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
 Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth 310
 All the most valiant chiefs : long he perused
 His spirited air, and wondered who he was.
 For very young he seemed, tenderly reared ;
 Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
 Which in a queen's secluded garden throws 315
 Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
 By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
 So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
 And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
 As he beheld him coming ; and he stood, 320
 And beckoned to him with his hand, and said :
 " O thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,
 And warm, and pleasant ; but the grave is cold.
 Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
 Behold me : I am vast, and clad in iron, 325
 And tried ; and I have stood on many a field
 Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe :
 Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
 O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death ?
 Be governed : quit the Tartar host, and come 330
 To Iran, and be as my son to me,
 And fight beneath my banner till I die.
 There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."

So he spake, mildly : Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum ; and he saw 335
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers ; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs : hope filled his soul ; 340
And he ran forwards and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own and said :

“ Oh, by thy father’s head ! by thine own soul !
Art thou not Rustum ? Speak ! art thou not he ?

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth, 345
And turned away, and spake to his own soul :

“ Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean.
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say, “ Rustum is here,” 350
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast-day, in Afrasiab’s hall, 355
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—
“ I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight ; but they
Shrank ; only Rustum dared : then he and I 360
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.”
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me.”

And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud :
“ Rise ! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus 365
Of Rustum ? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth : make good thy vaunt or yield.

Is it with Rustum only thou would'st fight?
 Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee.
 For well I know, that did great Rustum stand 370
 Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
 There would be then no talk of fighting more.
 But being what I am, I tell thee this :
 Do thou record it in thine inmost soul :
 Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield ; 375
 Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
 Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
 Oxus in summer wash them all away."

He spoke : and Sohrab answered, on his feet :—
 " Art thou so fierce ? Thou wilt not fright me so. 380
 I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
 Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
 Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
 But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
 Begin : thou art more vast, more dread than I, 385
 And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—
 But yet success sways with the breath of heaven.
 And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
 Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know,
 For we are all, like swimmers in the sea, 390
 Poised on the top of a hugh wave of Fate,
 Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
 And whether it will heave us up to land,
 Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
 Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death, 395
 We know not, and no search will make us know :
 Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke ; and Rustum answered not, but hurled
 His spear : down from the shoulder, down it came
 As on some partridge in the corn a hawk 400
 That long has towered in the airy clouds

Drops like a plummet : Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash : the spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide :—then Sohrab threw 405
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield : sharp rang
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield : an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough ; like those which men in treeless plains 410
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs ; so huge 415
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke ; but again Sohrab sprang aside
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell 420
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand :
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand :
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword, 425
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said :
“Thou strik'st too hard : that club of thine will float
Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth ; not wroth am I :
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul. 430
Thou say'st thou art not Rustum : be it so.
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul ?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too ;
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men ; 435

But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from heaven, these softening of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to heaven !
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand, 440
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang ;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou 445
Mayst fight ; fight them, when they confront thy spear.
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me ! ”

He ceased : but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage ; his club
He left to lie, but had regained his spear, 450
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right-hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn star,
The baleful sign of fevers : dust had soiled
His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms. 454
His breast heaved ; his lips foamed ; and twice his voice
Was choked with rage : at last these words broke way

“ Girl ! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands !
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words !
Fight ! let me hear thy hateful voice no more !
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now 460
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance ;
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war : I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine ! 465
Remember all thy valour ; try thy feints
And cunning : all the pity I had is gone :
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles.”

He spoke : and Sohrab kindled at his taunts, 470
And he too drew his sword : at once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west : their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din 475
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees : such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part 480
In that unnatural conflict ; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads ; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair. 485
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone ;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with blood-shot eyes 490
And labouring breath ; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out : the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm, 495
Nor clove its steel quite through ; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust ;
And Rustum bowed his head ; but then the gloom
Grew blacker : thunder rumbled in the air, 500
And lightnings rent the cloud ; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry :
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar

Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his side, 505
And comes at night to die upon the sand :
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,
And struck again ; and again Rustum bowed 510
His head ; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in his hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head ; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear, 515
And shouted, " Rustum ! " Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed : back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form :
And then he stood bewildered ; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side, 520
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground.
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud ; and the two armies saw the pair ;
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet, 525
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then with a bitter smile, Rustum began :
" Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent. 530
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame, 535
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool ! thou art slain, and by an unknown man !

Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied : 540
"Unknown thou art ; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man !
No ! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
And I were he who till to-day I was, 545
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovèd name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall ; and thy spear transfix'd an unarmed foe, 550
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear !
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death !
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee ! " 555

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell 560
Far off ;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole ; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams 565
Chiding his mate back to her nest ; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers : never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it ; 570
Never the black and dripping precipices

Echo her stormy scream as she sails by :—
 As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss—
 So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
 Over his dying son, and knew him not.

575

But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said :
 “ What prate is this of fathers and revenge ?
 The mighty Rustum never had a son.”

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied :
 “ Ah, yes he had ! and that lost son am I.

580

Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
 Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
 Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here ;
 And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
 To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.

585

Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son !
 What will that grief, what will that vengeance be !
 Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen !

Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
 My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells

590

With that old king, her father, who grows gray
 With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.

Her most I pity, who no more will see
 Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp.

With spoils and honour, when the war is done.

595

But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
 From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear ;
 And then will that defenceless woman learn

That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more ;

But that in battle with a nameless foe,

600

By the far distant Oxus, he is slain.”

He spoke ; and as he ceased he wept aloud,
 Thinking of her he left, and his own death.

He spoke ; but Rustum listened, plunged in thought.

Nor did he yet believe it was his son

605

Who spoke, although he called back names he knew ;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all :
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear 610
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms ;
And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son ;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deemed he ; yet he listened, plunged in thought ; 615
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore
At the full moon : tears gathered in his eyes ;
For he remembered his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture ; as, at dawn, 620
The shepherd from his mountain-lodge describes
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds ;—so Rustum saw
His youth ; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom ;
And that old king, her father, who loved well 625
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy ; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer-time—
The castle, the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills 630
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut, 635
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass ;—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.

And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said :— 640

“O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved !
Yet, here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false ;—thou art not Rustum’s son.
For Rustum had no son : one child he had — 645
But one—a girl : who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war.”

But Sohrab answered him in wrath ; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce, 650
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die ;
But first he would convince his stubborn foe—
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said :

“Man, who art thou who dost deny my words ? 655
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore.” 660

He spoke : and all the blood left Rustum’s cheeks ;
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand,
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corslet clanked aloud :
And on his heart he pressed the other hand, 665
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said :

“Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie,
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum’s son.”

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm, 670
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points
Pricked : as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,

An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp 675
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands :—
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that Griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die, 680
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks.
Him that kind creature found, and reared, and loved—
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes, 685
And then he touched it with his hand and said :
“How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?”
He spoke : but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless ; and then he uttered one sharp cry— 690
“O boy—thy father !”—and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips, 695
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life : and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror ; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around, 700
And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair,
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms :
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him ; and he clutched his sword,
To draw it, and forever let life out. 705
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said :

“Father, forbear : for I but meet to-day
 The doom that at my birth was written down
 In heaven, and thou art heaven’s unconscious hand. 710
 Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
 When first I saw thee ; and thy heart spoke too,
 I know it : but Fate trod those promptings down
 Under its iron heel ; Fate, Fate engaged
 The strife, and hurled me on my father’s spear. 715
 But let us speak no more of this : I find
 My father ; let me feel that I have found.
 Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
 My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
 And wash them with thy tears, and say : “ My son ! ” 720
 Quick ! quick ! for numbered are my sands of life,
 And swift ; for like the lightning to this field
 I came, and like the wind I go away—
 Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
 But it was writ in heaven that this should be.” 725
 So said he : and his voice released the heart
 Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth ; he cast
 His arms round his son’s neck, and wept aloud,
 And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts
 When they saw Rustum’s grief : and Ruksh, the horse, 730
 With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
 Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
 First to the one, then to the other moved
 His head, as if inquiring what their grief
 Might mean ; and from his dark, compassionate eyes, 735
 The big warm tears rolled down and caked the sand.
 But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said :
 “ Ruksh, now thou grieveest ; but O Ruksh, thy feet
 Should first have rotted on their nimble joints,
 When first they bore thy master to this field.” 740
 But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said :

"Is this then Ruksh? How often, in past days,
 My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed!
 My terrible father's terrible horse; and said,
 That I should one day find thy lord and thee. 745
 Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.
 O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
 For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
 And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.
 And thou has trod the sands of Seïstan, 750
 And seen the river of Helmund, and the Lake
 Of Zirrah; and the agèd Zal himself
 Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
 Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine,
 And said—"O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!"—but I 755
 Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,
 Nor seen his lofty house in Seïstan,
 Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream:
 But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
 Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand, 760
 Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
 And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
 The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
 Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
 The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream— 765
 The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewailed:
 "Oh, that its waves were flowing over me!
 Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
 Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!" 770

And with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied:
 "Desire not that, my father: thou must live.
 For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
 As some are born to be obscured, and die.
 Do thou the deeds I die too young to do, 775

And reap a second glory in thine age.
 Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
 But come : thou seest this great host of men
 Which follow me ; I pray thee, slay not these :
 Let me entreat for them : what have they done ? 780
 They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.
 Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
 But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
 But carry me with thee to Seistan,
 And place me on a bed, and mourn for me, 785
 Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.
 And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
 And heap a stately mound above my bones,
 And plant a far-seen pillar over all ;
 That so the passing horseman on the waste 790
 May see my tomb a great way off, and cry :
 "Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
 Whom his great father did in ignorance kill"—
 And I be not forgotten in my grave."
 And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied :— 795
 "Fear not ; as thou hast said, Sohrab my son,
 So shall it be ; for I will burn my tents
 And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
 And carry thee away to Seistan.
 And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee, 800
 With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends,
 And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
 And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
 And plant a far-seen pillar over all :
 And men shall not forget thee in thy grave. 805
 And I will spare thy host : yea, let them go :
 Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
 What should I do with slaying any more ?
 For would that all whom I have ever slain

Might be once more alive ; my bitterest foes, 810
And they who were called champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have ;
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown ;
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son ! 815
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine ; and I might die, not thou ;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan ; 820
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine ;
And say—" O son, I weep thee not too sore,
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end."
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age ; 825
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then at the point of death, Sohrab replied :
" A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man !
But thou shalt yet have peace ; only not now.
Not yet : but thou shalt have it on that day, 830
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said : 835
" Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea !
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke ; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish ; but the blood 840
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream ; all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,

Like the soiled tissue of white violets
 Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank, 845
 By children whom their parents call with haste
 Indoors from the sun's eye ; his head drooped low,
 His limbs grew slack : motionless, white, he lay,
 White, with eyes closed, only when heavy gasps,
 Deep heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame, 850
 Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
 And fixed them feebly on his father's face ;
 Till now all strength was ebb'd ; and from his limbs
 Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
 Regretting the warm mansion which it left, 855
 And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world,
 So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead :
 And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
 Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
 As those black granite pillars, once high-reared, 860
 By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
 His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps,
 Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side :
 So, in the sand, lay Rustum by his son.
 And night came down over the solemn waste, 865
 And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
 And darkened all ; and a cold fog, with night,
 Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
 As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
 Began to twinkle through the fog ; for now 870
 Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal :
 The Persians took it on the open sands
 Southward, the Tartars, by the river marge :
 And Rustum and his son were left alone.
 But the majestic river floated on, 875
 Out of the midst and hum of that low land,
 Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,

Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasman waste,
Under the solitary moon : he flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè, 880
Brimming, and bright, and large ; then sands began
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents, that for many a league
The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles ; 885
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had,
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foiled circuitous wanderer ; till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright 890
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.
(1853).

NOTES ON TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON was the third son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersby, a small village in Lincolnshire not far from the sea-coast. Though in the neighbourhood of the fen country, Somersby itself lies "in a pretty pastoral district of sloping hills and large ash trees." "To the north rises the long peak of the wold, with its steep white road that climbs the hill above Thetford; to the south, the land slopes gently to a small deep-channelled brook, which rises not far from Somersby and flows just below the parsonage garden." The scenery of his native village and its neighbourhood, where he spent his youth and early manhood,—the scenery of wold, and fen, and sandy coast—made a deep impress on the poet's mind, and is reflected again and again in his earlier writings. In the parsonage of Somersby, which was then the only considerable house in the little hamlet, Alfred was born August 6th, 1809. His father was a man of ability, with intellectual and artistic interests; books were at hand, and the three elder boys not only became great readers, but from childhood were accustomed to write original verses. The life of the Tennysons was a somewhat secluded one; Alfred was naturally shy, with a bent towards solitary and imaginative pursuits. These tendencies may have been fostered by the character of his early education. He was not sent to a great public school, like most English boys of his class, but attended the village school at Somersby, then the grammar school at the neighbouring town of Louth, and was finally prepared for entering college by home tuition. Already before he had become an undergraduate, he was an author, having, along with his elder brother Charles, written a volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*, which was published at Louth in 1827 by a local bookseller. The work is creditable to such youthful poets (the poems contributed by Alfred were composed between his fifteenth and his seventeenth year), but more remarkable for the absence of marked immaturity than for the presence of positive merits. The breadth of the authors' reading is attested by quotations prefixed to the various pieces: Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, Terence, Lucretius, Sallust, Tacitus, Byron, Cowper, Gray, Hume, Moore, Scott, Beattie and Addison being all put under contribution.

In 1828 Charles and Alfred entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where the eldest brother, Frederick, was already a student. There the Tenny-

sons were associated with some of the most brilliant and promising of their contemporaries. Alfred formed an especially warm friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of extraordinary endowments, whose premature death he subsequently commemorated in *In Memoriam*. In 1829 Tennyson won the Chancellor's prize for English verse by a poem on "Timbuctoo," where for the first time in his work, there is some promise of future excellence, and some faint touches of his later style. Next year his poetic career may be said really to have begun with a small volume entitled *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*, which in such poems as *Claribel*, *The Dying Swan*, *Mariana*, and *The Poet*, clearly exhibits some of his characteristic qualities. The volume was favourably reviewed by Leigh Hunt and Hallam, but severely criticized by "Christopher North" in *Blackwood*. In the same year the author embarked on a very different undertaking, going with Hallam to Spain in order to carry, to the revolutionists there, money and letters from English sympathizers. In 1831 his college career was brought to a close by the death of his father, and he returned to Somersby. Here he completed a second volume of poems, published in 1832. This marks another advance in poetic art, and contains some of his most characteristic pieces: *The Lady of Shalott*, *Oenone*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, *The Two Voices*. It should be remembered, however, that several of these do not now appear in their original form, and that much of their perfection is due to revisions later than 1832. This volume, as well as its predecessor, was severely criticized, especially by the *Quarterly*. But although in this article justice was not done to the merits of the volume, the strictures upon defects were in the main well grounded, as the poet himself tacitly acknowledged by omitting or amending in subsequent editions the objectionable passages. Another result of the hostility of the critics was that Tennyson, who was always morbidly sensitive to criticism even from the most friendly source, ceased publishing for almost ten years, except that verses from his pen occasionally appeared in the pages of Literary Annuals. This ten-years silence is characteristic of the man, of his self-restraint and power of patient application—potent factors in the ultimate perfection of his work.

The sudden death of his friend Hallam, in September 1833, plunged Tennyson for a time in profound sorrow, but was doubtless effective in maturing and deepening his emotional and intellectual life. The poet's sister had been betrothed to Hallam; over the household at Somersby, of which Alfred, in the absence of his elder brothers,

was now the head, there gathered a deep gloom. The feelings and ideas which centred about this great sorrow of his youthful days, the poet soon began to embody in short lyrics; these through successive years grew in number and variety, and finally took shape in what by many is considered Tennyson's greatest work, *In Memoriam*.

It was in 1836, when Charles Tennyson was married to Louisa Sellwood, that in all probability Alfred fell in love with the bride's sister, to whom in course of time he became engaged. The small fortune which he had inherited was insufficient to provide a maintenance for a married pair; poetry, to which he had devoted his life, seemed unlikely ever to yield him a sufficient income. Yet, characteristically enough, Tennyson neither attempted to find a more lucrative profession, nor even departed from his resolve to refrain from again seeking public notice until his genius and his work had become fully matured. In consequence, the friends of his betrothed put an end to the correspondence of the lovers; and a long period of trial began for the poet, when his prospects in love, in worldly fortune, in poetic success, seemed almost hopelessly overcast. In 1837 the family removed from Somersby to High Beech in Epping Forest, then to Tunbridge Wells, and then to the neighbourhood of Maidstone. The change of residence brought Tennyson into closer proximity with the capital, and henceforward, he frequently resorted thither to visit old friends like Spedding, and gradually became personally known in the literary circles of London. Among other notable men he met with Carlyle, found pleasure in the company of this uncouth genius and his clever wife, and, in turn, was regarded with unusual favour by a keen-eyed and censorious pair of critics. Tennyson was one of the very few distinguished men whose personality impressed Carlyle favourably. The account which the latter gives of Tennyson in a letter to Emerson, dated August 1844, is worth quoting at length:—

"Moxon informs me that Tennyson is now in Town, and means to come and see me. Of this latter result I shall be very glad. Alfred is one of the few British and Foreign Figures (a not increasing number, I think!) who are and remain beautiful to me—a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! However, I doubt he will not come; he often skips me in these brief visits to Town; skips everybody, indeed; being a man solitary and sad, as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom,—carrying a bit of chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos. Alfred is the son of a Lincolnshire Gentleman Farmer, I think; indeed you see in his verses that he is a native of 'moated granges,' and green flat pastures, not of mountains and their torrents and storms. He had his breeding at Cambridge, as for the Law or Church; being master of a small annuity on his Father's decease, he preferred clubbing with his Mother and some

Sisters, to live unpromoted and write poems. In this way he lives still, now here, now there ; the family always within reach of London, never in it ; he himself making rare and brief visits, lodging in some old comrade's rooms. I think he must be under forty—not much under it. One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair ; bright, laughing, hazel eyes ; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate ; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking ; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy ; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between ; speech and speculation free and plenteous : I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe ! We shall see what he will grow to. He is often unwell ; very chaotic—his way is through Chaos and the Bottomless and Pathless ; not handy for making out many miles upon."

Meanwhile, in 1842, two years before this letter was written, Tennyson gave conclusive evidence of the power that was in him, by the publication of two volumes containing, in the first place, a selection from the poems of 1830 and of 1832, and, secondly, a large number of new pieces. Among the latter are *Morte d'Arthur*, *Ulysses*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *The Talking Oak*, *Locksley Hall*, *Dora*, *St. Simeon Stylites*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, "Break, break, break," and the three poems "You ask me why," "Of old sat Freedom," "Love thou thy land." Such pieces as these represent the mature art of their author, and some of them he never surpassed. It was about the time of the publication of these volumes that the fortunes of their author reached their lowest point. The failure of a manufacturing scheme in which he had invested all his means left him penniless. "Then followed," says his son and biographer, "a season of real hardship, and many trials for my father and mother, since marriage seemed to be further off than ever. So severe a hypochondria set in upon him that his friends despaired of his life. 'I have,' he writes, 'drunk one of those most bitter draughts out of the cup of life, which go near to make men hate the world they live in.'" But, at length, the fates became propitious. In the first place the excellence of the collected poems of 1842 rapidly won general recognition ; during his ten years of silence Tennyson's reputation had been steadily growing, the two volumes of 1842 set it upon a firm basis. From that day onward, he held the first place in general estimation among contemporary poets. In 1845 Wordsworth pronounced him "decidedly the first of our living poets" ; in the same year the fourth edition of the *Poems* of 1842 was called for, and the publisher, Moxon, said that Tennyson was the only poet by the publication of whose works he had not been a loser. Further, in 1845, the prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, through the intervention of Tennyson's old college friend Milnes (Lord Houghton), conferred upon him a pension of £200

a year. This was a timely relief to pecuniary difficulties which were at this date very embarrassing. *The Princess*, his first long work, was published in 1847. Through a fanciful story of a Princess who founds a university for women, it gave a poetical presentation and solution of the 'woman question'; but rather disappointed, at the time, the high expectations excited by the earlier writings. On the other hand, *In Memoriam*, which appeared in 1850, has from the beginning been considered one of the finest products of his genius. It consists of a series of lyrics giving utterance to various moods and thoughts to which the great sorrow of his youth had given birth. These had been carefully elaborated during a long period, are extraordinarily finished in their expression and are fuller of substance than any other of the more ambitious works of their author. No other poem so adequately represents the current thought and average attitude of Tennyson's generation in regard to many of the great problems of the time. In the year of the publication of *In Memoriam*, the laureateship, rendered vacant by the death of Wordsworth, was bestowed upon its author. In the same year his marriage with Emily Sellwood took place. They had been separated from one another for ten years; Tennyson's age was forty-one, the bride's thirty-seven. But their fidelity was rewarded. "The peace of God," Tennyson said, "came into my life before the altar when I married her"; and indeed the remainder of the poet's long life, apart from the death in the first years of manhood of his second son, is a record of happiness and success such as does not fall to the lot of many men.

After a tour in Italy the Tennysons in 1853 took up their residence at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, which was henceforth their home, and the poet entered upon a period of sure and increasing popularity and growing worldly prosperity. He never relaxed, however, even in advanced old age, his strenuous poetic industry; hence a long series of works of a high order of merit, of which we will mention only the more important. In 1855, *Maud*, a lyrical monodrama, was published, about which critical opinion was then and still remains greatly divided, though the poet himself regarded it with special favour. In 1857, Bayard Taylor visited Tennyson at his home and records his impressions: "He is tall and broad-shouldered as a son of Anak, with hair, beard, and eyes of Southern darkness. Something in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests Dante, but such a deep, mellow chest-voice never could have come from Italian lungs. He proposed a walk, as the day was wonderfully clear and beautiful. We climbed the steep comb

of the chalk cliff, and slowly wandered westward until we reached the Needles, at the extremity of the Island, and some three or four miles distant from his residence. During the conversation with which we beguiled the way, I was struck with the variety of his knowledge. Not a little flower on the downs, which the sheep had spared, escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast, both terrestrial and submarine, were perfectly familiar to him. I thought of a remark that I had once heard from the lips of a distinguished English author [Thackeray] that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew."

Tennyson, as such poems as *The Lady of Shalott* and *Morte d'Arthur* show, had been early attracted by the legendary tales of King Arthur, which to several poets had seemed a rich storehouse of poetical material. About the year 1857 he began to occupy himself specially with these legends; and from this time on until the middle seventies his chief energy was given to the composition of a series of poems from these sources, which were ultimately arranged to form a composite whole, entitled the *Idylls of the King*. These poems proved very acceptable to the general taste, and the poet began to reap a fortune from the sale of his works. Of the volume published in 1862, entitled *Enoch Arden*, which mainly consisted of English Idyls, sixty thousand copies were rapidly sold. This, perhaps, marks the height of his popularity.

In 1875 he entered on a new field with the publication of an historical drama, *Queen Mary*, followed in 1876 by a similar work, *Harold*, and by other dramatic pieces in later years. In the drama Tennyson was less successful than in any other department which he attempted, and this lack of success gave rise to a widespread feeling that his powers were now in decline. Such a conclusion was most decisively negatived by the appearance of *Ballads and Other Poems* in 1880, where he returned to less ambitious and lengthy but more congenial forms—a collection which Mr. Theodore Watts terms "the most richly various volume of English verse that has appeared in [Tennyson's] century." At intervals until the very close of his long life, he produced similar miscellaneous collections of poems: *Tiresias and Other Poems*, 1885, *Demeter and Other Poems*, 1889, *The Death of Oenone and Other Poems*, 1892. Some of the pieces contained in these miscellanies were doubtless the gleanings of earlier years; but in others there were qualities which clearly showed them to be the

products of a new epoch in a genius that went on changing and developing even in advanced old age. In the most characteristic pieces, *The Revenge*, *The Relief of Lucknow*, *Rizpah*, *Vastness*, etc., there is a vigour and dramatic force absent in his earlier work, with less of that minute finish and elaborate perfection of phrase which is so often his chief merit. On the other hand, in *Freedom*, *To Virgil*, and *Crossing the Bar*, we have poems in the more familiar Tennysonian style, not a whit inferior to similar compositions in the volumes of his prime. In 1884 Tennyson was raised to the peerage as Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. The first part of his title was derived from a second residence which he had built for himself in Surrey, choosing a very retired situation in order that he might escape the idle curiosity of tourists. In 1886, the second great sorrow of his life befell Tennyson; his younger son, Lionel, died on the return voyage from India, where he had contracted a fever.

To Tennyson's continued mental vigour in advanced old age, his works bear testimony; his bodily strength was also little abated. "At eighty-two," his son reports, "my father preserved the high spirits of youth. He would defy his friends to get up twenty times quickly from a low chair without touching it with their hands while he was performing this feat himself, and one afternoon he had a long waltz with M—— in the ball room." This vigour was maintained almost to the very close of his long life. It was the sixth of October, 1892, when the great poet breathed his last. "Nothing could have been more striking than the scene during the last few hours," writes his medical attendant. "On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently, and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, 'drawing thicker breath,' irresistibly brought to our minds his own 'Passing of Arthur.'" "Some friends and servants came to see him. He looked very grand and peaceful with the deep furrows of thought almost smoothed away, and the old clergyman of Lurgashall stood by the bed with his hands raised, and said, 'Lord Tennyson, God has taken you, who made you a prince of men. Farewell!'"

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

First published in 1832, but, as indicated above, the poem has been greatly improved by later revision. It is the first work which Tennyson based upon Arthurian legends; in this case contained, according to Palgrave, in an Italian novel. One of the Idylls, *Lancelot and Elaine*, is a very different treatment of the same story where the interest is more human and the motives and characters perfectly comprehensible. Here we have a beautiful series of pictures presenting part of the history of a mysterious being, involved in a strange fate. This mystery of the poem suggests symbolism, to which the poet was inclined, as, for example, in *The Palace of Art* and the *Idylls of the King*; so Mr. Hutton seems to think that the history of the poet's own genius is shadowed forth, which "was sick of the magic of fancy and its picture-shadows, and was turning away from them to the poetry of human life." While Mr. Alfred Ainger (as quoted by Mr. Sykes) says: "The key to this wonderful tale of magic, and yet of deep human significance, is to be found, perhaps, in the lines:

Or when the moon was overhead
Came two young lovers lately wed;
'I am half sick of shadows' said
The Lady of Shalott.

The new-born love of something, for some one, in the wide world from which she has been so long excluded, takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities. The curse is the anguish of unrequited love. The shock of her disappointment kills her." Mr. Ainger's interpretation was derived from the poet himself; but it was doubtless the picturesque aspects of the subject, rather than any deep human significance that attracted and occupied the poet.

3. **wold.** 'Open country.' The landscape the poet was most familiar with at this time was the landscape of Lincolnshire. According to the *Century Dictionary* "The wolds of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire are high rolling districts, bare of trees and exactly similar to the downs of the southern part of England."

meet the sky. Note how suggestive is the phrase of the wide uninterrupted prospect.

5. **many-tower'd Camelot.** Camelot is the capital of Arthur's domain, identified with Winchester by Malory (Bk. II, chap. xix); but in Tennyson's treatment of the Arthurian legends, the scenes and geography are wholly imaginary, and the poet seems purposely to

shun any touch which might serve to connect his scenes with actual localities. In *Gareth and Lynette* we have a description of Camelot :

· Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
And stately, rich in emblem and the work
Of ancient kings who hid their days in stone ;
Which Merlin's hand, the mage at Arthur's court,
Knowing all arts, had touch'd, and everywhere
At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessening peak.
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven.

9. **Shalott.** In the *Idylls of the King*, 'Astolat,' the form used by Malory, is employed.

10. **Willows whiten** through the breeze exposing the lower and lighter side of the willow leaves.

11. **dusk and shiver.** The darkening is due to the breaking up of the smooth surface of the water so that it no longer reflects the light.

56. **pad.** 'An easy paced horse' (etymologically connected with *path*).

64. **still.** 'Always,' 'ever.'

76. **greaves.** 'Armor to protect the shins.'

82. **free.** The bridle was held with a slack hand.

84. **Galaxy.** The Milky Way (from Gk. γάλα γάλακτος, milk).

87. **blazon'd.** 'Ornamented with heraldic devices.'

baldric. 'A belt worn over one shoulder and crossing the breast.'

91. **All.** Cf. Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner* :

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand, etc.

98. **bearded meteor.** The beard is, of course, what could be more prosaically described as the 'tail.'

101. **hooves.** Archaic plural.

105. The mirror reflects both Lancelot on the bank, and his image in the water.

119. Note how throughout the poem, the season of the year and the weather are made to harmonize with the events of the story ; the same device is adopted in the *Idylls of the King*.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

Published originally in *The Keepsake* for 1837, under the title of *St. Agnes*; included in the *Poems* of 1842; the title changed to *St. Agnes' Eve* in the edition of 1855.

January 21st is sacred to St. Agnes, who, it is narrated, refused to marry the heathen son of the pretor, and after terrible persecution suffered martyrdom in the reign of the emperor Diocletian (284-305, A.D.). With St. Agnes' Eve various superstitions were connected, more especially that upon observing the proper rites, a maiden might see her future husband (cf. Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*). It is possible that Tennyson felt that the character and circumstances delineated in the poem did not exactly suit St. Agnes, and, accordingly changed the title of the poem, leaving the heroine a nameless embodiment of that ascetic enthusiasm which finds its masculine representative in Sir Galahad; she is "the pure and beautiful enthusiast who has died away from all her human emotions, and become the bride for whom a Heavenly Bridegroom is waiting.... Wordsworth at his best, as in 'Lucy,' might scarcely match the music of these stanzas; their pictorial perfection he could hardly attain unto; every image is in such delicate harmony with the pure young worshipper that it seems to have been transfigured by her purity, and in the last four lines the very sentences faint with the breathless culmination of her rapture" (Luce).

19. **mine earthly house.** Cf. *II Corinthians* v., 1: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

21. **Break up.** 'Break open,' as in *I Henry VI.*, 1, 3, and *Matthew* xxiv., 43: "If the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he.... would not have suffered his house to be broken up."

25-36. She too has her marvellous vision, like other maidens on St. Agnes' Eve, but a vision of an import and character very different from theirs.

35. **the shining sea.** Cf. *Revelation* xv., 2: "I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast.... stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

“COME NOT WHEN I AM DEAD.”

First published in *The Keepsake*, 1851.

5. plover. The name applied to several species of birds common in England, *e.g.*, the lapwing.

“BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.”

This poem appeared for the first time in the collection of 1842, and is one of the most beautiful of Tennyson's lyrics.

It will be noted that while there are only three syllables in the first line the normal line of the poem contains three feet, and the predominant foot is trisyllabic; so that each of these syllables correspond to a foot, and this line might have consisted of nine syllables. Hence the effective slow music of the opening; the time which would have been occupied by the lacking syllables of the verse being filled up by the slow enunciation of the long vowel sound in ‘break,’ and by the pauses between the words.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

First published in the *Enoch Arden* volume of 1864. Cauteretz is a beautiful valley of the French Pyrenees. In the summer of 1830, Tennyson and his friend Hallam went to Spain carrying money from English sympathizers to the Spanish insurgents who were under the leadership of Torrijos. Among other places, they visited this valley, and the scenery inspired Tennyson to write the opening passage of *Enone*. Tennyson did not see the place again for thirty-one years. “On August 6th [1861], my father's birthday, we arrived at Cauteretz, his favourite valley in the Pyrenees. Before our windows we had the torrent rushing over its rocky bed from far away among the mountains and falling in cataracts. Patches of snow lay upon the peaks above, and nearer were great wooded heights glorious with autumn colours, bare rocks here and there, and greenest mountain meadows below. He wrote his lyric ‘All along the Valley’ after hearing the voice of the torrent seemingly sound deeper as the ‘night grew’ (in memory of his visit here with Arthur Hallam).” “My father was vexed that he had written ‘two and thirty years ago’ in his ‘All along the Valley’ instead of ‘one and thirty years ago,’ and as late as 1892 wished to alter it since he hated inaccuracy. I persuaded him to let his first reading stand, for the public had learned to love his poem in its present form, and besides ‘two and thirty’ was more melodious.” (*Life* I., p. 475).

IN MEMORIAM.

Tennyson's *In Memoriam* consists of a series of more or less connected lyrical poems of the same stanza-form, but of varying lengths. The occasion of the series was the death of his most intimate friend Hallam, in September, 1833. Some of the lyrics date back to this year, and during the next seventeen years (*In Memoriam* was published in 1850) additional sections were written. "The sections were written," says Tennyson himself, "at many different places and as the phases of our intercourse came to my memory and suggested them. I did not write them with any view of weaving them into a whole, or for publication, until I found that I had written so many." Again he is quoted as saying:—"It is rather the cry of the whole human race than mine. In the poem altogether private grief swells out into the thought of, and hope of the whole world." *In Memoriam* in its final form contains one hundred and thirty-one sections, besides a prologue and an epilogue, and these sections cover a great variety of topics, some of them very remote from the initial subject. Arthur Henry Hallam, whose death is the occasion of the whole poem, was born February 1st, 1811; hence he was about eighteen months younger than Tennyson. Their friendship began at Trinity College, Cambridge, about 1829. Hallam impressed his contemporaries as a man of extraordinary ability and promise. His death, which was absolutely unexpected, took place in Venice while on a trip to the continent in company with his father, the distinguished historian.

XXXI.

See *St. John*, chap. xi.

3. **yearned.** This word may be taken here in its ordinary meaning. There is another word "yearn"—now antiquated—which yields a more appropriate sense, viz., "grieve." "Falstaff, he is dead, and we must yearn therefor" (*Henry V.*, II., iii., 6); "That every like is not the same, the heart of Brutus yearns to think upon" (*Julius Cæsar*, II., ii., 129).

XXXII.

8. **the Life indeed.** See *St. John*, xi., 25: "Jesus saith unto her, I am the resurrection and the life."

12. **spikenard.** A perfume from India highly prized in New Testament times. See *St. John*, chap. xii., 1-8.

XXXVI.

The poet has been discussing in the preceding sections of *In Memoriam* the belief in immortality, and says xxxiv.:

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore.

Now he proceeds to say that while this and other truths may thus be attained by our own powers, we are thankful that they have been revealed to us in the life of Jesus and the record of the New Testament.

5-6. Words which are most accurately fitted to ideas—abstract language—may fail to communicate the truth to merely human power of understanding.

9. See *St. John*, i., 1. Tennyson explained (*Life* i., p. 312, note) that “the Word” is used here as it is “used by St. John, the Revelation of the Eternal Thought of the Universe.”

LXXV.

1. The poet is addressing his dead friend.

2. The poet says in Section V. that his grief is soothed by writing these poems:

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies:
The sad mechanic exercise
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

LXXVI.

This poem connects itself with the thought of the third stanza of the preceding section.

4. Compare *Cymbeline*, Act I., Sc. 3, where Imogen says she would have watched her departing husband “till the diminution of space had pointed him sharp as my needle.”

6. **secular.** In Latin *saeculum* is a very long time; so in the Vulgate *in saecula saeculorum*, forever and ever. Hence the adjective ‘secular’ is used of a vast period.

8. **yew.** The yew tree is proverbial for the great age it attains.

9. **the Matin songs.** The poet may be thinking of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

12. **the lifetime of an oak.** Say 300 or 400 years.

C.

In 1837 the Tennyson's quitted Somersby, which had been his birth-place and home. This poem refers to this incident.

17. **kindred eye**, viz., his dead friend's eye ; "kindred" because it enjoyed the scenes which pleased the poet's own eye.

CXI.

3. **golden ball**. The symbol of empire ; in pictures, often placed in the hands of monarchs.

9-10. **he to whom, etc.** The poet's dead friend whom he recalls in countless memories.

19. The poet by this suggestive phrase indicates the expression of a spiteful eye as compared with an open and frank one.

NOTES ON BROWNING.

THE Browning family seems to have been a sound, vigorous and genuinely English stock, which, at length, after various remote strains had been grafted upon it, produced the flower of genius in the person of Robert Browning, the poet. His grandfather, who migrated from Dorsetshire to London, was a successful official in the Bank of England, and married a certain Margaret Tittle, a native of St. Kitts in the West Indies. Their son, the poet's father, disappointed in his desire of becoming an artist, also entered the service of the bank in which he continued until advancing years brought superannuation. As a bank clerk he earned a steady income which, if not large, sufficed his needs. In 1811, he married Sarah Ann Weidemann, of Scottish German origin, her father, a native of Hamburg, having settled and married in Dundee; he was a ship-owner in a small way. Browning's parents spent their joint lives in the southern suburbs of London; and there, in Camberwell, their eldest son Robert was born, May 7th, 1812. Only one other child, a daughter, survived infancy; she never married and long after, in her brother's latest years, presided over his household. Browning was specially fortunate in his family relations; in the absence of a public school and university education this quiet, simple, nonconformist family circle counted for more in his case than is perhaps usual with English men of letters. It was not, however, an ordinary middle-class home; the father was a man of exceptional culture with pronounced artistic and literary tastes, something of a scholar and an enthusiastic collector of books and prints. We hear of the charm he exercised over those he met, through his simple, cheerful, unworldly spirit, and his kindly heart. "The father and uncle," writes Dante Rossetti to William Ailingham, "—father especially—show just that submissive yet highly cheerful and capable simplicity of character which often, I think, appears in the family of a great man who uses at last what others have kept for him. The father is a complete oddity—with real genius for drawing . . . and as innocent as a child." To his son he transmitted a vigorous constitution and an energetic and optimistic temperament. The mother was characterized by Carlyle as "the true type of a Scottish gentlewoman;" she was a pious woman with a delicate and nervous organization and was a loving and judicious mother to her distinguished

son. The boy "was a handsome, vigorous, fearless child, and soon developed an unresting activity and a fiery temper. He clamoured for occupation from the moment he could speak." His education was of a somewhat unusual and desultory character; school counted for little, and he did not take a university course. But the house overflowed with books from which he did not fail to profit. "By the indulgence of my father and mother," he wrote in a letter of 1887, "I was allowed to live my own life and choose my own course in it; which, having been the same from the beginning to the end, necessitated a permission to read nearly all sorts of books in a well-stocked and very miscellaneous library. I had no other direction than my parents' taste for whatever was highest and best in literature; but I found out for myself many forgotten fields which proved the richest of pastures." As he grew older he had tutors in various branches, and thus was instructed not only in academic subjects but also in music, singing, dancing, riding and fencing. He had a passion for music and early showed artistic aptitudes. By the time he was twelve years old he had written a volume of poems which seemed to his father to possess real excellence, but which the writer himself, in later life, described as mere echoes of Byron. In 1825 he accidentally became acquainted with the poems of Shelley and Keats, and was profoundly affected by the work of the former. Shelley's influence is the most important single literary factor in his life, and traces of it are clearly perceptible in his first published poem *Pauline*; but Browning's genius was markedly individual and independent, and less in his case than is usual, can one perceive indebtedness either to predecessors or contemporaries.

Browning early determined to be a poet; when the time came to make choice of a profession, "he appealed to his father whether it would not be better for him to see life in the best sense and cultivate the powers of his mind than shackle himself in the very outset of his career by a laborious training foreign to his aim." The father acquiesced and cheerfully furnished from his modest income the means which freed his son from the necessity of pursuing any lucrative calling. "He secured for me," says the latter, "all the ease and comfort that a literary man needs to do good work." By the kindness of an aunt, his mother's sister, a poem of his, *Pauline*, was printed in 1833. This youthful production, apart from impressing favourably two or three discerning critics, wholly failed to attract public attention. In 1833-4 he spent some three months in St. Petersburg.

In 1835 he published *Paracelsus*, a work which holds its own, even when brought into comparison with his maturer productions; although it wholly failed in winning popular favour, *Paracelsus* revealed to the few the advent of a poet of extraordinary promise, and opened for him the doors of literary society in London. He made the acquaintance of many distinguished men, and came into close and friendly relations, especially, with the critic, John Foster, and with the great actor, Macready. Partly through the influence of the latter, he began the writing of plays, and to this species of literature he devoted a considerable part of his poetic activity during the next ten years. Two of these, *Strafford* and *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, were produced on the stage with partial success; but the treatment the latter play received at the hands of the manager made the author resolve to write no more for the theatre. In 1838 he made his first visit to Italy, a country with which much of his work and much of his life were to be closely connected. He was already engaged upon a poem based on mediæval Italian history, *Sordello*. It is the most difficult of all his works, and made Browning's name a by-word for obscurity; the impression thus created was doubtless one of the factors in his failure, during the next twenty years, to make any progress in popular regard. As his writings brought no money return, he had recourse to a cheap method of publication; he issued them from time to time, as they accumulated on his hands, in paper-covered pamphlets, each consisting of sixteen double-columned pages. From 1841 to 1846, eight of these pamphlets appeared; in them was to be found some of his best and most characteristic work, notably *Pippa Passes* (1844) and the two collections of shorter poems entitled *Dramatic Lyrics* (1842) and *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics* (1845). The series had the common title, *Bells and Pomegranates*, "to indicate," as the poet explained, "an endeavour towards something like an alternation or mixture of music with discourse, sound with sense, poetry with thought."

A second voyage to Italy was made in 1844. On his return opened the one romantic incident of his uneventful history. Miss Elizabeth Barrett, who already enjoyed a wide reputation as a poet, had recently published a volume which contained a complimentary allusion to Browning's poetry. Browning read the volume with enthusiastic admiration, and, at the instigation of a common friend, John Kenyon, expressed this admiration in a letter to Miss Barrett. The result was an animated correspondence and a growing feeling of warm friendship. Miss Barrett was a chronic invalid, confined to her room, scarcely

seeing anyone but the members of her own family ; hence for some months the poets did not actually meet. At length, on May 20th, 1845, Browning saw his correspondent for the first time, "a little figure which did not rise from the sofa, pale ringletted face, great eager, wistfully pathetic eyes." The friendship rapidly ripened into passionate admiration. But to the natural issue of their attachment were great obstacles. Her father was a man of strange and selfish temper, who thought that the lives of his children should be wholly dedicated to himself, and who treated his daughter—now thirty-nine years of age—as if she were a child. To him she could not dare even to hint the possibility of marriage. More insuperable obstacle still was her own ill-health ; though under the stimulus of the new interest in life, this had greatly improved, she was supposed to be labouring under an incurable disease of the spine. To incur her father's anger, to burden her lover with an invalid wife seemed to her impossible. A twelvemonth passed ; in the summer of 1846, her life was represented as depending upon her spending the following winter in a warmer climate. Her father negatived any such plan. There was now a new and forcible argument in Browning's favour, and Miss Barrett at length yielded. They were married in September, 1846, and embarked for the continent. The father never forgave his daughter and henceforward persistently refused all communications with her or her husband.

This marriage, which was at once one of the most extraordinary and one of the happiest in the annals of genius, completely changed the tenor of Browning's life. During the next fifteen years his home was in Italy, and for the greater part of that time, in Florence ; although, in summer especially, other parts of Italy afforded a temporary residence. Mrs. Browning's health greatly improved, and, while still frail, she could travel, enjoy the open air, and mingle, to some limited degree, with the world. In the earlier years of their married life, they saw but little of society ; but subsequently they became acquainted with many English and Americans resident or travelling in Italy, and formed not a few intimate friendships, for example, with Landor, Lytton, Leighton (the painter), Fanny Kemble, among the English ; and with Powers (the sculptor), Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Hawthorne, and the Storys, among Americans. In 1849 a son was born to them. In the spring of 1851, Mrs. Browning's health permitted a journey northward, and the following year-and-a-half was spent in London and Paris. They now came into close personal relations with many of their distinguished contemporaries, Carlyle, Tennyson, D. G. Rossetti, and

others. The visit was repeated in 1855, when *Men and Women* was published; this volume contains probably a larger quantity of Browning's best work than any other single publication of his. In 1851 Browning had been appreciatively reviewed by a French critic, M. Milsand, in the pages of a leading French magazine. But the indifference of the English reading public continued, now and for years to come. To this Mrs. Browning refers, some ten years later, in a letter to her husband's sister: "His treatment in England affects him, naturally, and for my part I set it down as an infamy of that public—no other word." After referring to the recognition he was finding in the United States, she continues "I don't complain for myself of an unappreciating public. *I have no reason.* But just for *that* reason, I complain more about Robert—only he does not hear me complain—to *you* I may say that the blindness, deafness, and stupidity of the English public to Robert are amazing. Of course, Milsand has heard his name—well, the contrary would have been strange. Robert is. All England can't prevent his existence, I suppose. But nobody there, except a small knot of pre-Raffaelite men, pretend to do him justice. Mr. Forster has done the best—in the press. As a sort of lion, Robert has his range in society—and—for the rest you should see Chapman's [his publisher] returns! While in America he is a power, a writer, a poet—he is read—he lives in the hearts of the people!"

One consequence of this state of things had been that the Brownings had been under the necessity of living with the strictest economy. In 1855 their finances were placed in a better condition by legacies amounting to £11,000 which came to them through the death of their old friend John Kenyon. The plan of dividing the time between London, Paris and Italy was continued until 1861. By that time Mrs. Browning's health had begun to decline; a winter spent in Rome proved unfavourable to her, and on June 29th, she suddenly expired in her husband's arms at their own home in Florence.

The blow to Browning was overwhelming. "Life must now begin anew," he wrote, "all the old cast off and the new one put on. I shall go away, break up everything, go to England, and live and work and write." As soon as possible he left Florence, never to revisit it, and, mainly from considerations in regard to his son, took up his residence in London. His manner of life again underwent a revolution. He at first lived a very isolated existence, cutting himself off wholly from general society. But, in the spring of 1863, as he told Mr. Gosse, he suddenly realized that "this mode of life was morbid and unworthy,

and, then and there, he determined to accept for the future every suitable invitation that came to him." Thus, in course of time, he came to be one of the most familiar figures in London society, and at notable public entertainments, especially of a musical character. His summers he was accustomed to spend on the coast of France. In 1864 he published *Dramatis Personæ*, a collection of poems similar in character and excellence to *Men and Women*. The tide of opinion had now begun to set decisively in his favour. In 1864 he writes to an intimate friend: "There were always a few people who had a certain opinion of my poems, but nobody cared to speak what he thought, or the things printed twenty-five years ago would not have waited so long for a good word; but at last a new set of men arrive who don't mind the conventionalities of ignoring one and seeing everything in another—Chapman [his publisher] says 'the new orders come from Oxford and Cambridge,' and all my new cultivators are young men.... As I begun, so I shall end,—taking my own course, pleasing myself or aiming at doing so, and thereby, I hope, pleasing God. As I never did otherwise, I never had any fear as to what I did going ultimately to the bad,—hence in collected editions, I always reprinted everything, smallest and greatest." His fame was fully established on the publication of the longest and one of the greatest of his poems *The Ring and the Book* in 1868-9. From this time, even the general public, although they did not read him, became aware of the fact that Tennyson was not the only great English poet living and writing. When *The Ring and the Book* was approaching completion, Browning wrote: "Booksellers are making me pretty offers for it. One sent to propose, last week, to publish it at his risk, giving me *all* the profits, and pay me the whole in advance—'for the incidental advantages of my name'—the R. B. who for six months once did not sell one copy of the poems."

In 1881 a novel honour was done him in the foundation in London of a society for the study and elucidation of his works. This example was followed far and wide both in Great Britain and in America; and the Browning cult became a temporary fashion. However feeble or foolish some of this work may have been, these Browning societies, on the whole, did much for the spreading of a genuine interest in the works of a somewhat recondite poet. Browning himself continued to be a diligent writer to the last, but none of the numerous volumes issued subsequent to 1868 reached the level which had been attained by the best of his earlier work. In his work, activity of the intellect had always tended to trespass unduly upon the sphere of the imagination,

and with the decay of imaginative power natural to old age, the purely poetic excellence of his writings began to decline, although they might still continue to possess interest as the utterances of a powerful and active mind. In 1878 Italy was revisited for the first time since his wife's death, and began to exercise its former fascination over him. He returned repeatedly and finally purchased the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice as a residence for his son, who had become an artist. Gradually old age began to tell on the vigorous frame of the poet, but, as far as health permitted, he maintained his old interests and activities to the last, and his final volume of poems appeared on the very day of his death. This occurred in Venice on Dec. 12th, 1889.

Mr. Edmond Gosse, who knew Browning in his later years, thus sums up his personal characteristics: "In physique Robert Browning was short and thick-set, of very muscular build; his temper was ardent and optimistic; he was appreciative, sympathetic and full of curiosity; prudent in affairs and rather 'close' about money; robust, active, loud of speech, cordial in manner, gracious and conciliatory in address; but subject to sudden fits of indignation which were like thunderstorms." Hawthorne speaking of an evening spent with the Brownings in Florence, 1858, says: "Mr. Browning was very efficient in keeping up conversation with everybody, and seemed to be in all parts of the room and in every group at the same moment; a most vivid and quick-thoughted person, logical and common-sensible, as, I presume, poets generally are in their daily talk." On another occasion he says: "Browning was very genial and full of life as usual, but his conversation has the effervescent aroma which you cannot catch, even if you get the very words that seem imbued with it. . . . Browning's nonsense is of very genuine and excellent quality, the true babble and effervescence of a bright and powerful mind, and he lets it play among his friends with the faith and simplicity of a child. He must be an amiable man."

In his later years, when Browning mingled freely in society, he did not, to the casual observer, seem the poet, either in his general appearance or in his talk. He gave the impression of being a shrewd and energetic man of the world. Mr. F. G. Palgrave, whom he used frequently to visit subsequent to 1861, describes his visits as very pleasant, "but neither then nor afterwards was his conversation in any apparent near relation to his work or thought as a poet." In regard to this trait Sir Leslie Stephen writes in an essay, *The Browning Letters*, "People who met Browning occasionally accepted the common-place

doctrine that the poet and the man may be wholly different persons. Browning, that is, could talk like a brilliant man of the world, and the common-place person could infer that he did not possess the feelings which he did not care to exhibit at a dinner party. It was not difficult to discover that such a remark showed the superficiality of the observer, not the absence of the underlying qualities. These letters, at any rate, demonstrate to the dullest that the intensity of passion which makes the poet, was equally present in the man." To this passage he subjoins a note: "I happened to meet Browning at a moment of great interest to me, I knew little of him then, and had rather taken him at the valuation indicated above. He spoke a few words, showing such tenderness, insight, and sympathy, that I have never forgotten his kindness; and from that time knew him for what he was. I cannot say more; but I say so much by way of expressing my gratitude." Very weighty testimony to the charm and greatness of Browning's character is found in a private letter of Jowett, the late Master of Balliol, dated 1868. "I thought I was getting too old to make new friends. But I believe I have made one—Mr. Browning the poet, who has been staying with me during the last few days. It is impossible to speak without enthusiasm of his open, generous nature and his great ability and knowledge. I had no idea that there was a perfectly sensible poet in the world, entirely free from vanity, jealousy, or any other littleness, and thinking no more of himself than if he were an ordinary man. His great energy is very remarkable, and his determination to make the most of the remainder of his life."

"ALL SERVICE RANKS THE SAME WITH GOD."

This song is put in the mouth of Pippa, the little silk-weaver, heroine of the dramatic poem, *Pippa Passes* (1841). She comforts herself, in her insignificance, with the thought to which this little poem gives expression.

CAVALIER TUNES.

First published in No. III. of *Bells and Pomegranates*, the volume entitled *Dramatic Lyrics* (1842). The writing of his drama *Stratford*, produced in 1837, had busied the poet's mind with the scenes of the Civil War which affords the historic setting of these poems.

The appropriateness of the term *dramatic lyric* is, in the present case, specially manifest. (1) The verses with the exception of the first stanza of *Marching Along* are the utterances of an imaginary personage, and express his, not the poet's, sentiments. (2) Each poem is supposed to represent an actual speech, and is not, like *In the Valley of Cauteretz*, or *Break, break, break*, the immediate poetic expression of a feeling. Thus far, then, these pieces are akin to Antony's speech over the dead body in *Julius Caesar*, or the speeches at the Banquet in *Macbeth*; hence (3) their style has not the smooth steady flow of the ordinary lyric, but the more broken changeful movement of such poetry as is intended to represent actual speech. (4) It is not merely to embody sentiments and thoughts that these poems were written; quite as vivid and as aesthetically valuable as these, is the impression they give us of the bluff cavalier who speaks them—a typical exemplar of an historic development—and of the various situations in which the poems are supposed to be uttered.

Their *lyrical* character is stamped on the face of these poems by their metrical form, and in the fact that each gives expression to one dominating feeling. Attention need not be drawn to the vigour and dash, both in conception and in style and versification, which are specially congenial to Browning's temperament and art.

I. MARCHING ALONG.

2. **crop-headed.** Unlike the cavaliers, the Puritans wore their hair short; hence also the term "Roundheads."

swing. Hang. Cf. the ordinary imprecation "Go and be hanged."

3. **pressing.** The meaning must not be pressed; the word does not imply here (as it ordinarily does) that any *force* was used in gathering these soldiers.

5. **Marched.** In the first text "marching," as in the choruses of the next two stanzas; the change amended the grammatical structure of the sentence.

7. **Pym.** The parliamentary leader who is familiar to all students of English history, for the prominent part he took in the Petition

of Right, the Impeachments of Strafford and Laud, the Grand Remonstrance, etc. He died in 1843, not long after the outbreak of the Civil War.

8. **parles.** Conferences; the more ordinary form is "parley," though "parle" is frequent in poetry, *e.g.*, *Hamlet*, I., 1.

In an angry parle
He smote the sledded Polacks on the Ice.

13-14. **Hampden**, the famous resister of ship-money, whose noble and simple character gives him perhaps the chief place in general estimation among the statesmen of the Long Parliament. He died of a wound received in battle in June, 1643. *Hazelrig* and *Fiennes* were also prominent personages on the Parliamentary side. The former was one of the "Five Members" whom Charles attempted to arrest in Jan., 1642—an event which precipitated the resort to arms. Nathaniel Fiennes was a member of the Long Parliament, a commander of a troop of horse in Essex' army, and later attained an unpleasing notoriety by his surrender of Bristol, of which he was governor.

young Harry. Sir Henry Vane, known as "the younger" (to distinguish him from his father; so styled in the sonnet addressed to him by Milton), once Governor of Massachusetts, member of the Long Parliament, a leader among the Independents, and hence during the earlier period of Cromwell's career a close ally.

15. **Rupert.** Prince Rupert, nephew of Charles I., famous for his dashing exploits as a cavalry leader in the Civil War.

21. **Nottingham.** It was at Nottingham that Charles set up his standard (Aug. 22nd, 1842) at the beginning of hostilities against Parliament. Doubtless the reference is to this event, and hence the allusion serves to give a date to the imaginary incident of the poem.

II. GIVE A ROUSE.

Here the speaker is addressing his comrades who are drinking about him; stanza iii. shows that this speech is conceived as belonging to a much later date in the history of the Civil War than that of the previous poem.

rouse. A deep draught, as frequently in Shakespeare; *e.g.*, *Hamlet*, I., 4:

The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swagging up spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down, etc.

16. **Noll's.** Noll is a nickname for Oliver, contemptuously applied to Oliver Cromwell by his opponents.

III. BOOT AND SADDLE.

When first published this poem had the title "My Wife Gertrude."

Here, we seem to be in a still later era in the war, in a time subsequent to the battle of Naseby (1645) when, after great disasters on the field, the cavaliers were maintaining an obstinate resistance in their scattered strongholds.

5. **asleep as you'd say.** It is early in the morning and the inhabitants seem to be all asleep ; but many of the king's partizans, though fearing apparently to show themselves, are listening for the departure of the cavaliers.

10. "Castle Brancepeth" is the subject and "array" the object of the verb "flouts."

Castle Brancepeth. It is not likely that the poet had any particular locality in mind ; but there was and is a Castle Brancepeth a few miles from Durham, once the seat of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. It is mentioned in Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone* :

Now joy for you who from the towers
Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear.

11. **laughs.** Says with a laugh "Good fellows," etc.

14-15. **Nay! I've better,** etc. The punctuation shows that this is conceived as being said by "My wife Gertrude."

MY LAST DUCHESS.

My Last Duchess first appeared in the volume of 1842 entitled *Dramatic Lyrics*, which was the third number of the series *Bells and Pomegranates*. Originally under the general title *Italy and France*, it was associated with the poem now called *Count Gismond*: the present poem being, *I, Italy*; the other *II, France*. In *Poems by Robert Browning*, 1849, it appears (as now) independently under its present name. Perhaps the poet felt that the former title implied that the subject was not merely Italian but typically Italian, which may have been more than he intended ; wishing, however, to draw attention to the local characteristics, he subjoined "Ferrara" as indicating the

scene of his imaginary situation. Ferrara is a city of Italy on the Po, the seat of the famous Este family, dukes of Ferrara. Under their influence it became a centre of art and culture, and may have been chosen here by the poet as suggesting an environment of aristocratic predominance and artistic refinement fitted to be the setting for his incidents. Byron's apostrophe in *Childe Harold*, iv., stanza 35, suggests something of this nature :

Ferrara ! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore

The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

In exemplification, Byron, in the following stanzas, refers to the story of the poet Tasso, who, having fallen in love with the sister of the Duke, was imprisoned for many years as a madman.

The impropriety of classing this poem among the lyrics was doubtless the cause of its being placed in the final edition of Browning's works, not among the *Dramatic Lyrics* but among the *Dramatic Romances*.

My Last Duchess is an unusually condensed but typical and striking example of Browning's most characteristic mode of representing human life, already discussed,—the dramatic monologue. The fact that, in the dramatic monologue, the external details, the story, place, situation, are not directly stated but left to inference, makes it needful that the student should read the poem with the utmost care so as to catch every hint for interpretation, and fit every detail to form the background which may serve to bring into clearness the significance of the monologue itself. This is specially true in the case of this particular poem. "There is some telling touch," says Mr. Symons, "in every line, an infinitude of cunningly careless details, instinct with suggestion, and an appearance through it all of simple artless ease, such as only the very finest art can give." Such prolonged and careful study will put the reader into a position where he may be able to appreciate the economy and the power through which what might have been a complete five-act tragedy, is flashed upon us in the compass of some fifty lines.

The poem presents the chance utterances, as it were, of the Duke, the chief actor in a story which is indicated (not narrated), as he unveils to a visitor the picture of his late Duchess. The speaker falls

musingly into a rapid survey of his relations with his wife, thereby involuntarily reveals his own character and briefly but sufficiently indicates hers. A man of commanding personality and aristocratic bearing, he possesses the external graces and refinement proper to his high position and long descent; he is, further, a virtuoso, with fine artistic sense and enjoyment of the beautiful; but these have been cultivated as a source of narrow, selfish gratification, apart from all development of the moral and spiritual nature. Accustomed to the utmost deference from all about him, proud, self-centred, and egoistic, his heart is dry as summer dust. When his personal claims, his pride, his sense of conventional propriety collide with the rights of others, he can be, perhaps half-unconsciously, more cruel and more coldly relentless than the primitive savage.

Over against him we catch a vivid glimpse of the fresh, emotional, passionate nature of the unspoiled and inexperienced girl whom, in the bloom of her youthful beauty, he marries. To his arid, cold nature, her finest qualities are an offence. A species of jealousy develops because he cannot reserve her, like the picture, all to himself,—not ordinary jealousy, but jealousy that she should have a life apart from himself, and joys which his worldly and *blasé* nature cannot feel. In the effort to shape this tender spirit into the conventional mould which his worldly artificial notions prescribe, he crushes first the happiness and next the life of his young wife. Then, after a proper interval doubtless, he seeks to fill her place and improve his financial position by another match. It is in connection with this that he shows to the envoy of a Count, for whose daughter's hand he is a suitor, the picture of his late wife—a masterly presentation, not merely of her exquisite beauty, but of that intensity of soul which looks out from her features and is her chief characteristic. This picture is the occasion of the monologue before us.

The versification should be noted. As compared with the usual structure of the pentameter couplet; the metrical peculiarities of this poem have the characteristics of Shakespeare's later as compared with his earlier use of blank verse, *i.e.*, the treatment of the verse is dramatic. The thought is not fitted to the flow of the couplet, with pauses at the ends of the odd lines and stronger pauses at the close of the couplets. The chief pauses, in this poem, are predominantly within the lines; the sense, not the verse, dictates the grouping of the phrases, while the metrical movement, and the recurrence of the rhymes are felt as giving merely a secondary melody to the passage.

My Last Duchess. Every word in the title is significant of the Duke's point of view.

1. He draws back the veil which hides the picture of his late wife, in order that the visitor, whom he is addressing, may see it.

2-4. Note how the feelings of the connoisseur dominate ; it is the lover of art who speaks, not the lover of the woman pictured.

3. **Frà Pandolf.** An imaginary artist.

5-12. The passionate soul of his beautiful wife unconsciously reveals itself through the face ; in this revelation of the inner spirit, which was natural to her (as the following lines show) there is something repellant to the Duke's sense of propriety,—to that dislike for earnestness and intensity, that love for reserve and conventionality which are characteristic of worldly and fashionable life in all times and places.

6. **by design.** As interpreted by the lines which follow, this indicates that Frà Pandolf is a well-known personage, whose character would preclude any suspicion of special relations between painter and sitter. She is as *soulful* as the Duke is soulless, and all her heart came into her face on very slight occasions, as he goes on to exemplify.

9-10. Note how the words in parentheses indicate his value for the picture as a picture, and further that curious desire to keep one's sources of pleasure to oneself, even when the imparting of them would not cost anything—a trait which, in miniature, is familiar to us in selfish and spoiled children.

12-13. **not the first,** etc. Here as in ll. 1, 5, 9 and 10, we have hints, carelessly dropped, as it were, for filling in the background and action,—details of gesture and expression such as we should see with our eyes in the actual drama of the theatre.

13-15. **Sir, cheek.** The first indication of that peculiar dog-in-the-manger jealousy which is a salient peculiarity of the speaker.

21. **She had,** etc. He falls into a half reverie, somewhat forgetting his auditor, and making, for his own behoof, an apology for his conduct to his wife—not that he thinks it in his heart blameworthy, but even in the most callous there is a vague uneasiness caused by a remorse, even when not importunate enough to be consciously recognized as remorse.

25-31. How admirably suggestive of the Duchess, are these touches for the imagination ! This combination of reserve and suggestiveness is one great source of the spell which Browning casts over his readers.

25. My favour. Some gift of his—a jewel perhaps.

31, fol. The broken structure indicates the difficulty which even he feels in justifying himself. To justify one's conduct in words often reveals unsuspected possibilities of criticism.

33. The Este family was one of the oldest in Europe.

34-35. Who'd . . . trifling? The question seems to indicate that there is something in the expression of the person addressed which shows to the Duke, that he is not carrying his listener with him.

45. I gave commands. What the commands were the reader may, if he pleases, determine for himself; the idea that he ordered her to be put to death seems to the present editor wholly out of keeping with the rest of the poem. According to Professor Corson, an enquiry addressed to the poet as to what the commands were, served to show that Browning had not himself thought of the matter.

46-47. There she . . . alive. This brings the main body of the poem to a close: what remains throws additional light on the character of the speaker, by indicating the circumstances in which the preceding lines have been spoken.

47-48. The two leave the picture to rejoin the company down stairs.

I repeat, etc. Evidently, then, a conversation was broken off, to exhibit the picture,—a conversation in which arrangements in regard to dowry, etc., were being made with a person (to whom the whole poem is addressed) who has come to negotiate the marriage of the Duke with the daughter of a Count. All this is significant of the Duke's character.

53. Nay, we'll go, etc. They evidently reach the top of the staircase on their way to the "company below," and the Duke politely refuses to take the precedence which his guest, belonging of course to a lower social grade, naturally offers.

54. Notice Neptune, etc. As they pass the Duke draws attention to a sculptured group wrought by the famous artist, Claus of Innsbruck, with the conscious pride of the possessor of a great work of art.

Claus of Innsbruck. This is a purely imaginary personage invented by the poet. *Innsbruck* is the capital of Tyrol.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

First printed in *Hood's Magazine*, August, 1844; reprinted with minor changes and some additions (55 and 56, 57 and 58, 63 and 64, 67 and 68, 71 and 72), in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845; in 1863, ll. 37 and 38 were added.

The lines contain 4 stresses each; the number of syllables, in other words the character of the foot, varies. The poem is a parable,—an imaginary legend told to exemplify a truth.

51. **dight.** Antiquated and poetical for 'decked.'

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

First published in *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*, No. III. of *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845. In this volume there were included along with this poem and under its present title, two other poems, viz.: *Here's to Nelson's Memory*, and the poem now called, *Home-Thoughts, From the Sea*. The poem is evidently an outcome of Browning's Italian journey of 1838.

The poem expresses marvellously the charm and freshness of an English spring,—a charm unparalleled, as English-speaking people at least feel, in other lands. The poet feels it the more keenly in virtue of the contrast afforded by the very different character of Italian nature—a character which is suggested, for the reader, in the single touch of the last line.

7. **chaffinch.** Mr. Burroughs says in his *Impressions of Some English Birds*: "Throughout the month of May, and probably during all the spring months, the chaffinch makes two-thirds of the music that ordinarily greets the ear as one walks or drives about the country."

10. **whitethroat.** A summer visitant in England, builds in low bushes or among weeds.

14. **thrush.** The song thrush or throstle, one of the finest of British song-birds. Wordsworth speaks of "how blithe the throstle sings"; Tennyson associates it with early spring when—

The blackbirds have their wills,
The throistles too.

The English naturalist, J. G. Wood, describes its song as peculiarly rich, mellow and sustained, and as remarkable for the variety of its notes. On the other hand an American, Burroughs, says: "Next to the chaffinch in volume of song, and perhaps in some localities surpassing it, is the song thrush. . . . Its song is much after the manner of our brown thrasher, made up of vocal altitudes and poses. It is easy to translate its strain into various words or short ejaculatory sentences. . . . "Kiss her, kiss her; do it, do it; be quick, be quick; stick her to it, stick her to it; that was neat, that was neat; that will do." [N. B. — Burroughs' rendering indicates how the bird sings each song "twice over."] . . . Its performance is always animated, loud, and clear, but never, to my ear, melodious, as the poets so often have it. . . . It is a song of great strength and unbounded good cheer; it proceeds from a sound heart and merry throat. (*Some Impressions of English Birds in Fresh Fields.*)

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND.

Originally published in *Bells and Pomegranates*, VII., 1845. Then it was entitled "England in Italy."

The poem deals with an imaginary incident such as might have happened in the long struggle of Italian patriots to free themselves from Austrian domination, sometime before the middle of the 19th century.

The great Italian revolutionist Mazzini read this poem to some of his fellow exiles in England, to show how an Englishman could sympathize with them.

12-18. One may compare the similar situation of Alan Breck and David Balfour in Stevenson's well-known novel, *Kidnapped*.

19. **Metternich.** A distinguished Austrian statesman, took a prominent part in European affairs from the closing years of the Napoleonic war, subsequently the dominating personality in Austrian affairs, with a strong tendency to severe and despotic measures.

25. **Lombardy.** The central district of Italy from the Po to the Alps.

74. **Padua.** Italian city west of Venice.

75. **duomo.** Cathedral.

76. **Tenebræ.** A service held on Good Friday, when the church is darkened (hence the name, Latin *tenebrae* means darkness).

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855. Like *My Last Duchess*, it is a study of the Italian aristocracy. The loss of political freedom, as well as of commercial prosperity from the 16th century onward deprived the higher classes in Italy, more particularly the aristocracy, of the natural outlet for their activities in public affairs. The consequent narrowness and triviality of their lives had its effect upon character. An intellectual and spiritual dry-rot set in. Instead of the great statesmen, preachers, scholars, artists of an earlier date, we have the *virtuosi*; the highest ideal attained was a dilettante curiosity and superficial taste. Seriousness and depth vanished. In the familiar characterization of Italy in his *Traveller*, Goldsmith gives a sketch of this condition of things:

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade,
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguill'd
 The sports of children satisfy the child.
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind
 In happier meanness occupy the mind.

Browning likes to bring out character and principles by collision with some trivial event or fact, to show the soul revealing itself in its attitude towards the little, no less than towards the great. So, in the present poem, we have a delightful bit of humorous self-revelation on the part of an Italian person of quality, in his feeling with regard to country and city life respectively,—“a masterpiece of irony and of description.” We note the pervading humour, the genial ease, the dramatic vivacity of the style, the appropriate and changeful movement of the verses, the very brief yet efficient sketches of scenes in Italian city and country.

1. Even the enforced economies of the Italian person of quality are characteristic of the class he represents.

4. **by Bacchus.** *Per Bacco* is a common Italian exclamation.

10. **my own.** Supply “skull” from line 8.

11, fol. The limitations of his aesthetic nature are shown in what he admires.

18-25. In these exquisite suggestions of scenery there is more of Browning than of the ‘Italian person of quality.’

23. **scarce risen three fingers well.** The wheat is scarcely well up to three fingers in height.

26. The fountains are frequent and very attractive features of Italian towns; every traveller is impressed by the fountains of Rome.

29. **conch.** A marine shell.

39. **diligence.** Stage-coach.

42. **Pulcinello.** A grotesque character in Italian comedy, a buffoon. *Punch*, the hump-backed fellow in the puppet-show, is a derivative.

44. **liberal thieves.** The prejudices of his class lead him to identify thieves with persons of liberal political opinions.

46. **crown and lion.** The Duke’s coat-of-arms; it is needless to seek for an Italian duke with such insignia; the poet evidently does not desire that the locality of his poem should be identified with any particular place.

47, fol. suggest the literary coteries that cultivated both prose and poetry in the days of Italian decadence. Those familiar with Milton’s life will recall his intercourse with Florentine academies of this nature.

48. **Dante** (1265-1321). Boccaccio (1313-1375), Petrarch (1304-1374), are the three greatest names in Italian literature; St. Jerome belongs to the 4th century A.D., was the most learned and eloquent of the

Fathers. This incongruous union of writers so different as the authors of the *Divine Comedy*, the *Decameron*, and the *Sonnets to Laura*, with the great Christian theologian and the Roman orator stamps sufficiently the literary pretensions of the writer of the sonnet.

50. **he.** The Rev. Don So-and-So; 'than he had ever before preached.'

51. The last four lines of the stanza give the crowning instance of the utter frivolity of mind that belongs to the speaker. Even a religious procession means nothing more to him than a bit of noise and bustle to fill the emptiness of his meaningless life and vacant mind. These lines cap the climax also of the poet's skill in treating his theme.

52. The seven swords are emblematic of the seven dolours of our Lady of Sorrow. Cf. the words of Simeon to Mary: "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also" (Luke ii., 35).

56. It has long been a favourite expedient for raising a municipal revenue in various cities on the Continent, to tax all provisions entering the city bounds.

59, fol. The speaker inspired with enthusiasm for the pleasures he is talking of, sees in imagination [it seems to be imagination, the touches in the beginning, *e.g.* "*yon cypress*" of line 32, seem to show that he is in the country, as the state of his purse also makes probable] one of those religious processions which he so much admires, and ends his talk with a delightful outburst of regretful enthusiasm.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.

First published in the volume entitled *Men and Women*, 1855. It was of course written during the poet's residence in Italy, and the description is redolent of the characteristics of certain Italian scenes where the shattered remnants of past ages (associated with the historic movement and the animation of other times) have been incorporated into her own works by the softening hand of Nature.

The poem is admirable for the way in which it expresses the quiet charm of the present scene, and the eager animation of the past; but, above all, in the way in which everything is made to contribute to the expression of the intense passion of the love story, which gathers force as the speaker proceeds and culminates in the dramatic summing up of the final line.

"*Love Among the Ruins* is constructed in a triple contrast; the endless pastures prolonged to the edge of sunset, with their infinity of calm, are

contrasted with the vast and magnificent animation of the city which once occupied the plain and the mountain slopes. The lover keeps at arm's length from his heart and brain, what yet fills them all the while, here in this placid pasture-land, is one vivid point of intensest life; here where once were the grandeur and tumult of the enormous city is that which in a moment can abolish for the lover all its stories and its shames. His eager anticipation of meeting his beloved, face to face and heart to heart, is not sung, after the manner of Burns, as a jet of unmingled joy; he delays his rapture to make its arrival more entirely rapturous; he uses his imagination to check and enhance his passion; and the poem, though not a simple cry of the heart, is entirely true as a rendering of emotion which has taken imagination into its service." (Dowden).

The versification is peculiar and gives a touch of that oddity and seeming caprice which belong to Browning; but when the reader has surmounted the initial unfamiliarity, the movement seems effective and appropriate, "beautifully adapted," as Mr. Symons remarks, "to the tone and rhythm—the quietness and fervent meditation—of the subject."

2. **Miles and miles.** Adverbial modifier of "smiles."

9. **its prince,** etc. The relative is omitted; the clause is adjectival to "capital."

15. **certain rills.** Again supply the relative, "slopes which certain," etc.

17. **they.** The slopes of verdure.

21. These may be a reminiscence of Homer's description of Thebes in Egypt (*Iliad*, ix., 381), which had a hundred gates.

29. **guessed alone.** The vestiges of the city are so far obliterated that the existence of the city can only be conjectured.

39. **caper.** A trailing shrub which is found in Mediterranean countries, especially growing in dry places over rocks and walls.

49. The first four stanzas are introductory, we now draw towards the real theme.

63. The ruins of the various objects enumerated here form a conspicuous feature in Italian landscapes, especially the causeys, the old Roman paved roads, and aqueducts.

causeys. The older spelling (see *e.g.*, *Paradise Lost*, x., 415); the modern form "causeway" is due to popular etymology; the word really comes from the Low Latin *calciare*, to make a road with lime or mortar.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Published in *Men and Women* (1855), it was written in 1848, see letter quoted below. This poem is of a somewhat exceptional character among Browning's pieces; it is, on the face of it, an expression of personal feeling; the feeling—a desire for soothing and calming influence with its pathetic tone—is not common in Browning; nor is the slow and steady movement of the verse.

Fano is a town on the Adriatic, some 30 miles north of Ancona. In the church of St. Augustine there is a picture known as *L'Angelo Custode* (the Guardian Angel), by Guercino (1590-1666) which "represents an angel standing with outstretched wings beside a little child. The child is half kneeling on a kind of pedestal, while the angel joins its hands in prayer; its gaze is directed to the sky, from which cherubs look down." The painting is not ranked high by the connoisseurs, but Browning and his wife were attracted by its simple pathos. Mrs. Browning writes in one of her letters (see Mrs. Orr's *Life of Browning*, p. 159): "Murray, the traitor, sent us to Fano as 'a delightful summer residence for an English family,' and we found it uninhabitable from the heat, vegetation scorched into paleness, the very air swooning in the sun, and the gloomy looks of the inhabitants sufficiently corroborative of their words that no drop of rain or dew ever falls there during the summer. . . . Yet the churches are very beautiful, and a divine picture of Guercino's is worth going all that way to see. . . . We fled from Fano after three days, and finding ourselves cheated of our dream of summer coolness, resolved on substituting for it what the Italians call *un bel giro*. So we went to Ancona—a striking sea-city, holding up against the brown rocks and elbowing out the purple tides, beautiful to look upon."

7. **retrieve.** Rather unusual use of the word; to bring back to a proper state; so we talk of 'retrieving one's fortunes.'

37. **Alfred.** Alfred Domett (1811-1887) an early friend of Browning's, himself a poet. At the time this poem was written Domett was in New Zealand, whither he migrated in 1842, and where he became a prominent public man. His departure from London to New Zealand is commemorated in Browning's poem *Waring*.

51. **endured some wrong,** at the hands of the critics, presumably.

55. **Wairoa.** A river and arm of the sea on the west-coast of the North Island of New Zealand.

PROSPICE.

First published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1864; appeared in the same year in *Dramatis Personæ*. We cannot be wrong in connecting this poem with the death of Mrs. Browning in 1861. "*Prospice* has all the impetuous blood and fierce lyric fire of militant manhood. It is a cry of passionate exultation and exultation in the very face of death; a war-cry of triumph over the last of foes." (*Symonds*). It may be compared with *Crossing the Bar*: the passionate fire, the energy and love of struggle are as characteristic of Browning as are the dignity, grace and perfection in the other poems are of Tennyson. It is noteworthy that the point of view in *Crossing the Bar* is easily comprehended and commends itself to the ordinary feelings of humanity; that of *Prospice* is more individual and remoter from average sympathies.

Prospice is the Latin imperative meaning 'Look forward.'

1. **to feel**, etc. This is in apposition to "death"; a detail of the sort of thing one fears.

9. **the summit attained**. The ultimate point of our earthly career.

19. **life's arrears**. Whatever is yet unpaid of pain, etc.

NOTES ON ARNOLD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the poets of the generation that immediately followed the generation of Tennyson and Browning. He was born in 1822, and was the son of the best known of all English schoolmasters, Thomas Arnold of Rugby—whose acquaintance most boys have made in the pages of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Educated at Rugby and Oxford, after acting for a short period private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, he was in 1851 appointed one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Besides discharging with success the ordinary duties of an inspectorship, he was singled out by the Education Office to act as commissioner for the investigation of the condition of secondary education on the Continent of Europe. His published reports on the schools of France and Germany, and his suggestions for the betterment of education in England made him an authority in this sphere. But it was not as an educationist that Matthew Arnold was to gain his highest distinction; nor, although during almost the whole remainder of his life, the routine of office business made the largest demands on his time, were his interest and energy mainly centered there. His aptitudes and tastes alike made literature—both poetry and prose—the chief work of his life.

Already in 1849 he had published anonymously a volume of poems. And from that date until 1867, he continued to produce poetry, which, though slender in amount, soon won for him a high place among the poets of the latter half of the 19th century. His appointment in 1857, as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, led to his delivering, during the next ten years, different courses of lectures on literary subjects—notably a series *On Translating Homer* (1861). He became a frequent contributor to the magazines; and his reputation as a critic and prose stylist overshadowed, among his contemporaries, his achievements as a poet. For that and for other reasons, after 1867 he practically ceased to write poetry. His prose books discuss literary, social, political, and religious themes; in the first two departments, his high achievement is undoubted. His personal life was busy and uneventful. He was a persistent reader of ancient and modern literature, and a profound lover of nature, with a decided liking for society, and some desire to shine as a man of the world. In 1886, superannuation with a pension at length set him free from the drudgery of his official tasks, but he did not live long to enjoy his freedom. Death came to him very suddenly in 1888.

Since his death, Arnold's reputation as an essayist and critic has perhaps somewhat declined, but as a poet has decisively grown. His best and most characteristic poetry is of a reflective character, and in this respect, as well as in the place it gives to nature, his poetry has some resemblance to that of Wordsworth. His thoughts however run in a different channel. He gives expression to certain ideas and feelings very characteristic of his time—especially those connected with the breaking up of old beliefs, and with the sense of feverishness and unrest and the yearning for repose that belong to modern life. Besides he wrote one or two narrative poems:—*e.g.*, *Sohrab and Rustum*—which have a peculiar charm of their own. His style is characterized—especially in comparison with the ornateness and exuberance of much of the poetry of his time—by studied restraint. It is direct, simple, dignified, and clear; hence, he is usually described as being of the “classical” school. It is true, further, that he was a diligent student and admirer of the “classics” in another sense. Of Greek literature he was an ardent admirer, and the influence of his Homeric studies is very apparent in the poem included in these selections.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

This narrative poem, published in 1853, is imitative of the manner of Homer. Accordingly it is based on a national tradition; it begins, as might a book of the *Iliad*, as if it were a portion of a longer narrative (compare *Morte d'Arthur*); it contains numerous long similes introduced for the beauty of the simile itself rather than for any light thrown by the comparison upon the subject. It differs markedly from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in its manifest artificiality, in its lack of animation and rapid movement; *e.g.*, in the account of the single combat between father and son, there is no feeling produced in the reader of the rush and excitement of a hand-to-hand conflict.

Matthew Arnold himself tells us that he took the story from Sir John Malcolm's “History of Persia,” and quotes the following:—

“The young Sohrab was the fruit of one of Rustum's early alliances. He had left his mother, and sought fame under the banners of Afrasiab, whose armies he commanded, and soon obtained a renown beyond that of all contemporary heroes but his father. He had carried death and dismay into the ranks of the Persians, and had terrified the boldest warriors of that country, before Rustum encountered him, which at

last that hero resolved to do, under a feigned name. They met three times. The first time they parted by mutual consent though Sohrab had the advantage; the second, the youth obtained a victory, but granted life to his unknown father; the third was fatal to Sohrab, who, when writhing in the pangs of death, warned his conqueror to shun the vengeance that is inspired by parental woes, and bade him dread the rage of the mighty Rustum, who must soon learn that he had slain his son Sohrab. These words, we are told, were as death to the aged hero; and when he recovered from a trance, he called in despair for proofs of what Sohrab had said. The afflicted and dying youth tore open his mail, and showed his father a seal which his mother had placed on his arm when she discovered to him the secret of his birth, and bade him seek his father. The sight of his own signet rendered Rustum quite frantic; he cursed himself, attempting to put an end to his existence, and was only prevented by the efforts of his expiring son. After Sohrab's death he burnt his tents and all his goods, and carried the corpse to Seistan, where it was interred. The army of Turan was, agreeably to the last request of Sohrab, permitted to cross the Oxus unmolested. To reconcile us to the improbability of this tale, we are informed that Rustum could have no idea his son was in existence. The mother of Sohrab had written to tell him her child was a daughter, fearing to lose her darling infant if she revealed the truth; and Rustum, as before stated, fought under a feigned name, an usage not uncommon in the chivalrous combats of those days."

The scene of the poem is in Turkestan on the banks of the Oxus, which flows from the neighbourhood of the Hindu-Kush mountains into the Aral Sea. After the manner of Homer, the poet introduces many geographical names to give local colour; but, although some of these names are explained below, a knowledge of the geography is not needful for the appreciation of the poem.

3. Tartar camp. Sohrab was fighting on the side of Afrasiab, King of the Tartars; Rustum on the side of Kai Khosroo, King of the Persians.

15. Pamere. The lofty tableland between the Hindu-Kush Tian-Shan mountains.

40. Samarcand. An ancient city of western Turkestan.

42. Ader-baijan. A province of Persia, west of the Caspian Sea.

82. Seistan. A district in Persia on the borders of Afghanistan.

101. Kara-Kul is in Bokhara.

114. **Elburz.** Mountains south of the Caspian.
119. **Bokhara.** District and town of Turkestan.
120. **Khiva.** A district on the lower course of the Oxus.
123. **Attruck** is to the east of the Caspian.
129. **Jaxartes.** A river flowing north-west into the Aral Sea. **Ferghana** is near its source.
131. **Kipchak.** Near the mouth of the Oxus.
160. **Cabool.** The chief city of Afghanistan.
412. **Hyphasis or Hydaspes.** These are two of the five rivers of the Punjab, the north-western corner of India.
751. **Hellmund.** A river of Afghanistan, which flows into the Lake of Seistan.
861. **Jemshid in Persepolis.** Jemshid, a fabulous king, who is supposed to have founded Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, and to have erected there 40 pillars, the ruins of which still remain.
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APPENDIX.

SIGHT PASSAGES.

(*From Examination Papers.*)

I.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes now wail my dear times' waste
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow, 5
For precious friends hid in death's *dateless* night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight ;
Then can I grieve at grievances *foregone*,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er 10
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which *I new pay* as if not paid before.
But if *the while* I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

—*Shakespeare.*

(a) State in one sentence the condition of mind of the writer, as represented in the poem.

(b) Explain the italicized parts.

(c) Explain the metaphors used in the first two lines.

(d) How does the poem differ from the normal form of the sonnet ?

II.

Look at the fate of summer flowers,
Which blow at day-break, droop ere even-song ;
And, grieved at their brief date, confess that ours,
Measured by what we are and ought to be,
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee, 5
Is not so long !

If human Life do pass away,
 Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,
 If we are creatures of a winter's day ;
 What space hath Virgin's beauty to disclose 10
 Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing rose ?
 Not even an hour !

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
 The happiest lovers Arcady might boast,
 Could not the entrance of this thought forbid : 15
 O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid !
 Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,
 So soon be lost !

—Wordsworth.

(a) In a phrase or short sentence express the main idea contained in this poem.

(b) Briefly indicate what each stanza contributes to the expression of this idea.

(c) Describe the versification of the poem, *i.e.*, the form of the stanza, the lines of which the stanza is composed, and the predominant foot.

(d) Tell what you are able to gather from the poem in regard to the person addressed.

(e) (i) Explain the meaning of "*even-song*" (l. 2), and "*Arcady*" (l. 14).

(ii) Why is *do*, and not *does*, used in line 7 ?

(iii) What is the noun implied in "*ours*" (l. 3) ?

(iv) What is referred to in "*this thought*" (l. 15).

(v) What is referred to in "*what must so quickly fade*" (l. 17) ?

(vi) What does the poet refer to in calling the rose "*breathing*" (l. 11) ?

III.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET.

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

Well tried through many a varying year,
 See Levet to the grave descend,
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye, 5
 Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind ;
 Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
 And hovering death prepared the blow, 10
 His vigorous remedy displayed
 The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish poured his groan 15
 And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdained by pride,
 The modest wants of every day
 The toil of every day supplied. 20

His virtues walked their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
 And sure the Eternal Master found
 The single talent well employed.

The busy day—the peaceful night, 25
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
 His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
 Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
 No cold gradations of decay, 30
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

(a) Give concisely, in good literary style, an account of the life and character of Robert Levet, as full as the information afforded by the above poem permits.

(b) Give concisely, in simple prose, the substantial meaning of the following :—Line 5, lines 7-8, line 32.

(c) Explain the reference in line 24.

IV.

IMMORTALITY.

Foiled by our fellow-men, depressed, outworn,
 We leave the brutal world to take its way,
 And *Patience!* in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we upborne.

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
 The world's poor routed leavings? or will they
 Who failed under the heat of this life's day
 Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
 Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
 And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
 From strength to strength advancing,—only he,
 His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

—*M. Arnold.*

(a) Give, in a single sentence, the main thought of this sonnet.

(b) What idea is negatived in the words “No, no!” (line 9)?

(c) Explain briefly, and in your own words, the following expressions:—“We leave the brutal world to take its way” (line 2); “the immortal armies” (line 5); “the world's poor routed leavings” (line 6); “the fervours of the heavenly morn” (line 8); “and that hardly” (line 14).

V.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

5

10

5

Dear Harp of my country ! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine ! 10
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine ;

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
 I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over, 15
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

—*Moore.*

1. Explain, in concise and simple language, the meaning of this poem, clause by clause.

2. Indicate, in detail, the various devices which give a poetical character to the expression of the third stanza, and which elevate it above the style of simple prose.

VI.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told 5
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne ;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold ;
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ; 10
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent upon a peak in Darien.

—*Keats.*

(a) What are “ the realms of gold ” (l. 1), the “ goodly states and kingdoms ” (l. 2), “ the western islands ” ?

(b) Wherein lies the resemblance between the writer of the sonnet and Cortez ?

VII.

OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command 5
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, (stamp'd on these lifeless things),
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed ;
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 " My name is Ozymandias, king of kings : 10
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—*Shelley.*

(a) Describe fully and clearly, in your own words, the scene presented in this poem.

(b) What are " these lifeless things " (l. 7) ?

(c) Whose hand is it " that mock'd them " (l. 8) ?

(d) Whose is " the heart that fed " (l. 8) ?

(e) State in a single phrase the main idea expressed in the poem.

(f) What do the final two and a half lines contribute to this main idea ?

VIII.

Even in a palace, life may be lived well !
 So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,
 Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
 Of common life, where crowded up pell-mell,
 Our freedom for a little bread we sell, 5
 And drudge under some foolish master's ken
 Who rates us if we peer outside our pen—
 Match'd with a palace, is not this a hell ?
Even in a palace ! On his truth sincere,
 Who spake these words, no shadow ever came ; 10
 And when my ill-school'd spirit is aflame
 Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
 I'll stop and say : ' There were no succor here ' !
 The aids to noble life lie all within.

(a) Give a suitable title to this sonnet.

(b) Give in prose a concise statement of the meaning of the sonnet.

(c) Explain the force of "stifling den" (l. 3), "foolish" (l. 6), "truth sincere" (l. 9), "ill-school'd spirit" (l. 11), "I'll stop" (l. 13), "here" (l. 13).

IX.

One feast of holy days the crest,
 I, though no churchman, love to keep,
 All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
 In God's still memory folded deep ;
 The bravely dumb that did their deed, 5
 And scorned to blot it with a name,
 Men of the plain heroic breed,
 That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Each lived not in the past alone,
 But thread to-day the unheeding sheet, 10
 And stairs to Sin and Famine known
 Sing with the welcome of their feet ;
 The den they enter grows a shrine,
 The grimy sash an oriel burns,
 Their cup of water warms like wine, 15
 Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

—J. R. Lowell.

(a) State the subject of the whole poem, and of each stanza.

(b) Point out the peculiarity of construction in the first four lines.

(c) Explain the meaning of line 6, of line 8.

(d) Explain the meaning of the second stanza clause by clause.

X.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of Spring !
 Now *heaven repairs thy rural seat*
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green 5
 Thy certain voice we hear :
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delighted visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers, 10
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the woods,
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear, 15
 And *imitates thy lay*.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest *thy vocal vae*,
 An annual guest to other lands
 Another spring to hail. 20

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear :
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee, 25
 We'd make with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe
 Companions of the Spring.

—John Logan.

(a) Indicate the two main divisions of the poem, and give the leading thought of each.

(b) Show the relationship in thought between the first two and the last two lines of the second stanza.

(c) State briefly the reasons for the poet's pleasure at the coming of the cuckoo.

(d) Explain the italicized expressions.

PASSAGES FOR MEMORIZATION, 1917.

Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*, Part I, *St. Agnes' Eve*, "Break, break, break," *In the Valley of Caunteretz*. Browning, "All service ranks the same with God," *Home-Thoughts from Abroad*, *Prospice*, *Love Among the Ruins*.

MACBETH.

- Act I, Sc. 5, ll. 16-31. LADY M. Glamis thou art crown'd
withal.
- Act I, Sc. 7, ll. 1-28. MACB. If it were done on the
other.
- Act II, Sc. 1, ll. 33-64. MACB. Is this a dagger to hell.
- Act III, Sc. 2, ll. 4-26. LADY M. Nought's had him further.
- Act III, Sc. 2, ll. 45-56. MACB. Be innocent go with me.
- Act V, Sc. 3, ll. 22-28. MACB. I have lived dare not.
- Act V, Sc. 3, ll. 39-45. MACB. Cure her the heart?
- Act V, Sc. 5, ll. 16-28. SEY. The Queen signifying nothing.
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